THE MYSTERIOUS PENITENT;

OR, THE

Norman Chateau.

A ROMANCE.

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THE MYSTERIOUS PENITENT.

CHAPTER I.

" Death resembling, shades of night
" Had drawn their misty curtains twixt the light
" And every dark'ned eye."

A CENTINEL, whose station was upon the northern terrace of the château de Beauval, waited with impatience until the great clock should announce the hour of midnight. The night was totally dark, and no sound was heard to break the solemn silence, but the waves beating upon the shore; except that at intervals the wind, sighing among the battlements above his head, spoke a language of horror, which fancy busily interpreted: his memory, stored with

legendary tales, presented naught but terrific images. The murmurs of the gale creeping along the terrace, seemed, as it approached him, the converse of supernatural beings. Harrassed by the terrors of his imagination, the centinel endeavoured to examine the north front of the château, which extended itself along the terrace at the extremity of which he was placed, hoping to discover the light of a taper from some one of the windows; but all the inhabitants on that side had long retired to their repose; and such was the darkness, that the smaller compartments of the building could not be distinguished; the whole had the resemblance of a huge mis-shapen rock, rather than that of an human habitation.

The soldier, disappointed in the hope of discovering some one who waked with him, retreated slowly and silently to his post, when, upon turning round the eastern angle of the terrace, he heard the clashing of arms in

in a distant wood. Not daring to disturb the repose of the château needlessly, he listened at the end of the terrace, for a repetition of the sounds, but all was still. The great clock now began slowly and heavily to toll out midnight, the vast courts resounded its deep and hollow tones, and the last stroke lingering in slow and sullen echoes, seemed unwilling to expire. The centinel heard it with pleasure; and soon afterwards saw the lantern of his comrades, who were coming to relieve his guard. The clashing of arms, again repeated, now seemed to be near at hand, and a voice was heard crying,

"What, ho! the castle! the castle!"

The soldiers hoisted up their lantern above the ramparts, demanding "Who goes "there?" They repeated their demand several times, shewing their lantern upon different parts of the walls; but received no

reply; the clashing of arms ceased, all was again profoundly silent, and having placed another soldier as centinel, the rest returned to the guard room.

When the retreating steps of his comrades no longer interrupted the silence, the soldier thought he heard some person approaching the castle; and leaning over the parapet, he heard low and stifled groans, and something seemed to have fallen upon the ground at the foot of the wall. He called repeatedly, but receiving no reply, concluded he had been mistaken; and proceeded to retrace backward and forward that portion of the rampart which he was appointed to guard.

The Baron de Beauval, in order to soften the affliction he laboured under for the loss of the Baroness, who had died a short time before, was in England, assisting at the nuptials of the young Earl of Petersvale, whose mother

mother having an estate in Normany, near that of the Baron, the two families were upon a footing of intimacy; and the Baron had attended the Dowager Countess of Petersvale to England, who had left her daughter Adeline at their Norman mansion, an indisposition preventing that young lady from being present at the espousals of her friend Erminguard with her brother; and she awaited, under the protection of Madame Valini her governante, the arrival of her family in Normandy, where they purposed passing some time after their marriage.

The Chevalier Julien de Montalville, only son of the Baron de Beauval, remained in that castle, expecting the arrival of his uncle Reginald, from whom the Baron had received letters, expressing an intention of visiting them.

The centinel, who still fancied he heard in the pauses of the wind some person

faintly moaning at the foot of the wall, anxiously waited for day-light, to confirm or remove his suspicions; until overcome at length with fatigue, he leaned upon the parapet, and fell asleep.

Day began now to appear, a soft and refreshing gale blew from the east, the cock in a distant farm cheerily saluted the morn, the warbling birds again renewed their amorous songs in the thickets, a delicious perfume, exhaling from a thousand aromatic plants and flowers, seemed an incense worthy of mounting to the throne of the Creator. The light of day encreased. The floating clouds, which rose above the sea at the extremity of the horizon, became coloured with pale gold and a tender red, whose soft tints melting into each other, and gradually growing fainter, disappeared entirely as they approached the zenith of the heavens, while the west still preserved a deep azure. The progress of the light becomes

comes more rapid, the sun is about to appear, but the impatient eye cannot yet discover him, the various colours are no longer distinguishable, the wide expanse of heaven is covered with an immense mantle of gold, the clouds thin and dispersed glitter here and there with most dazzling reflections.

The Chevalier de Montalville, who had risen upon the first appearance of the morn, approached the east end of the terrace, to contemplate the rising sun. He searched anxiously for that point of the horizon, in which it first presents its golden circle. "What a moment," cried he, as his eyes were fixed upon the distant waves, "what "sweet expectation! how my heart palpi- "tates with pleasure!" The red and trembling light of the heavens glittered and sparkled on the face of the gently swelling billows. A ray of fire appears, and darting upwards rapidly encreases, the glorious orb

becomes at length suspended over the resplendent deep; the hills are richly cloathed with purple, and the plains are covered with floating gold; the meadows appear enamelled with a thousand flowers; the vast and immense ocean delights to multiply the image of the sun upon its undulating bosom; animated nature calls forth all her charms, to hail the appearance of her spouse.

Julien, occupied by these reflections, approached the place where the centinel slept upon his guard. He awaked him, and was about to reprove his negligence, when his attention was diverted by the sight of two men apparently dead, lying at a distance from each other upon the plain below. Julien pointed out these objects to the soldier, telling him at the same time, that his own life was deservedly forfeited by his want of vigilance; adding, that these men, whom he concluded to have been assassinated by robbers, would, if he had given the alarm, have been saved.

The

The poor centinel, trembling before his Lord, recounted the circumstances of the preceding night; the clashing of arms, which had been heard by himself and his fellow soldiers; and their unavailing attempt to gain information from whence it proceeded. Julien, justly irritated at their cowardice and their indolence, which had prevented them, both from going to the assistance of the unfortunate men upon the plain, and even from informing him of what they had heard, sternly commanded the soldier to be gone, and assemble the whole guard immediately, that if any remains of life should be found in them, the men might be brought into the castle, and every means used to restore them.

The soldier hastened to the guard room with his Lord's orders, and roused his companions, who slowly and unwilling opened the heavy gates of the castle, and proceeded

round the walls, in search of the dead bodies.

The sun, having now gained a considerable degree of altitude, seemed to breathe new life into the whole creation. The trees put forth a fresher green, the cooing of the stock-doves, the humming of bees, and the bleatings of the sheep which rising from the plain shook the sparkling dew-drops from their fleecy backs, their snowy lambs also frisking and bounding over the verdant turf, seemed to join the feathered choiristers of the wood, in an expressive hymn of praise to the great Creator of that glorious planet, whose return seemed a renewal of their existence.

Alas! exclaimed Julien, as he leaned over the battlements, "the eyes of these "poor unfortunates will open no more; their "ears are for ever closed by the cold hand of "death; this glorious scene, so enchanting "to

"to my ravished senses, is to them a heavy "darkness; their cold hearts are as insensi- "ble to the thrilling strains, with which "yonder woods resound, as the earth to "which they are returning." While he yet continued looking upon them, he imagined that he saw a feeble motion in the body of the nearest, and calling to the soldiers, commanded them to bring that man instantly into the castle, while he himself hastened into the great hall, to afford his assistance.

The soldiers, having placed the wounded man upon a board, entered with him, and deposited their unfortunate burthen upon the floor, before a large fire. The countenance was covered with blood, which had issued from a wound in the head; Julien ordered them to wash it with warm water.

"Holy St. Dennis!" exclaimed Montal-

ville,

ville, "it is my uncle! my dear uncle "Reginald!"

The attendants crouded round the body, which Julien commanded them to remove to a chamber; where a surgeon examined the wounds, and declared to the afflicted Julien, that although he perceived Reginald continued to breathe, he had no hopes of saving his life, as a large wound in the side would bleed again, as soon as the warmth returned, and would, he feared, prove mortal.

"Let Father Augustin be called," said Julien; "my dear uncle will be able per-"haps to receive the last sacraments."

The surgeon, having dressed the wounds of Reginald, whom Julien would not leave for a moment, and assured the young Lord, that nothing but being kept perfectly quiet could give him the least hope of life, returned

turned to the hall to examine the other wounded person, whom he found quite dead, with every appearance of having been so some hours. Upon examining his habit, he judged he must have been the attendant of the Chevalier Reginald; and looking upon the soldiers, he observed, that if he had been called in time, he might have saved the lives of the Chevalier and this man, who had died from loss of blood, and remaining so long upon the cold ground.

CHAP. II.

"The boast of Heraldry, the pomp of Power,
"All that Beauty, all that Wealth e'er gave,
"Await alike the inevitable hour;
"The paths of Glory lead but to the Grave."

JULIEN having dispatched an express to England, to give his father an account of the melancholy situation of his brother, and hasten his return to Beauval, remained through the whole day in his uncle's chamber.

The Baron de Beauval, when he received his son's express, concealed the accident of which it informed him, as otherwise decency would have compelled him to return to Normandy, and quit scenes which were much more agreable to him, than attendance upon

a

a sick brother. The Baron, never very affectionate towards Reginald, felt little concern at his danger; his elegant person and amiable manners had in their youth procured him a better reception from the women, than his elder brother: A mortification which the Baron, who was vain, felt bitterly in secret, and which had also given birth in him to a jealousy of the late Baroness, who, pleased with her brother-in-law, had received him with great demonstrations of friendship and affection upon every (but particularly upon the last) visit which he made at the castle.

Her sudden death, which happened while he was last at the château, had given occasion to a suspicion that she had fallen a sacrifice to the Baron's jealousy.

Father Agustin and Julien, seated on each side of Reginald's bed, anxiously waited to hear once more the voice of a friend, whom they

they both loved very tenderly. Reginald at length sighed deeply, and the surgeon gently raising him upon pillows, he opened his eyes, and looking upon Julien, faintly smiled, as a proof that he knew him.

Julien taking his hand and kissing it, besought his uncle to speak to him.

Reginald replied not, but casting his eyes upward, seemed engaged in mental prayer; but soon closing them again, and his head drooping upon his bosom, the surgeon desired they would quit the apartment, and allow him to repose, assuring them, that his extreme weakness rendered it impossible for him to hold any conversation.

Julien, followed by Augustin, unwillingly quitted the chamber; and the good Father was offering spiritual consolation to his young Lord, when they were again summoned by the surgeon to Reginald's apartment,

ment, if they would see him before he expired.

The Father hastened to ascend the stairs, as fast as his age and infirmities would permit; but Julien flew through the corridor, that his beloved uncle might at least die in his arms.

It was now nearly dark, and the feeble twilight that remained, shed through small panes of stained glass placed in the massive stone window frames of the chamber, barely afforded light sufficient to render objects distinguishable. The bed's high canopy of dark red velvet, shaded by large plumes of feathers, seemed to Julien, as he softly opened the door of the chamber, the mausoleum of his uncle.

The dying object within its gloomy enclosure cast his feeble eyes upon him. Julien approached, and when he beheld the pale

pale countenance, and saw the blood flowing copiously from the mouth of his uncle, he retired into one of the windows, and burst into tears.

"I would confess me, Father," said Reginald in a low and interrupted voice. Every body immediately left the apartment, but Augustin. In a very few minutes the Father was heard, loudly summoning the surgeon to attend Reginald, who had fainted. Julien rushed in with him, and saw Augustin hastily put some papers into his bosom. When they had again in some measure recovered the dying Chevalier, he inarticulately pronounced something, which they could not understand.

"Raise him!" cried Julien.

Reginald slowly and with difficulty said, in a low voice every moment interrupted. "My Julien!—my darling!—the Baroness!

"Oh!

Oh! the wrongs I have done Beauval—but heaven has—Jesus, pardon—the Baroness! —my Julien!—Rohesia!"—

He could utter no more; his wound having bled inwardly, the blood started om his mouth and nostrils; he struggled if he would endeavour to speak again; ut his exhausted nature sunk under the fort, and he expired.

Julien, shocked and amazed at the few ords his uncle had uttered, stood with his ms folded upon his bosom, looking at the astly spectacle before him, although unnscious that he saw any thing. Augustin ok him by the hand, and led him to anher apartment.

"Wrongs!—the baroness!"—repeated lien as they passed along the corridor.

"Compose yourself, my dear Chevalier," said

said Augustin, "those words contain a
"mystery which ought not to be divulged;
"do not excite the curiosity of your do-
"mestics, who cannot comprehend, and
"will probably soon forget, them."

"A mystery," exclaimed Julien; "ought
"you, Father, to make a mystery of them
"to me? surely I am sufficiently interested
"in all that relates to my mother and my
"uncle, to give me a right to demand in-
"formation."

"That information," replied Augustin
humbly, "would be unavailing, would dis-
"tress you, and cannot come from me."

"Not from you!" cried Julien haughtily
"If," replied the Father mildly, "I was to
"reveal what is entrusted to me in confes-
"sion, you would justly look upon me with
"abhorrence."

"But

"But great occasions, Father, allow"—

"This is not such a one," interrupted the Priest, "nor would I have breathed a hint "upon this subject, were it not to caution "you against giving room to idle conjectures "among the domestics of the château."

"You amaze me, Father! surely the "Baron's causeless jealousy cannot have led "you to suspect my mother's virtue?"

Augustin was silent.

"I am lost in horrible conjectures," added Julien; "Reginald was ever good and gen-"tle; what wrongs!"

"Of whatever nature those wrongs were," said the Father interrupting him, "his un-"timely death, let us charitably hope, will "atone for them before the throne of "Grace."

But

"But he mentioned my mother, said Ju-
"lien." You cannot therefore conclude," replied Augustin, "that those wrongs bore "any relation to the Baroness; it is proba-
"ble that in the confusion of his mind, "which the near approach of his dissolution "occasioned, he did not recollect her death, "and might wish to see her."

Julien could not object to this reasoning, although it did not satisfy him. His mind continued perplexed and bewildered, without any possibility of elucidating the mystery, which Reginald's words, he still believed, certainly contained.

Augustin, willing to divert his attention, took him out upon the terrace; they walked silently together--The Father regretting, that Reginald had spoken at all to Julien, since he saw the deep effect it had upon his mind —the Chevalier ruminating upon all that had passed previous to his mother's death.

When

When the bell from the chapel heavily tolled the passing knell of Reginald, Augustin retired to his oratory, and Julien, absorbed in thought, wandered through the cloisters, and entered the chapel.

The floor being covered in the middle with a mat, he proceeded towards his mother's monument unheard, and a candle which stood in the door-way of the turret prevented the persons who were there from seeing him in the distant darkness of the chapel. Julien, who had entered to utter a prayer at the feet of the altar for his uncle's soul and that of his mother, stopped suddenly, upon hearing the men mention her name. Augustin was right, thought Julien.

"So Dame Cicely heard him talk of the Baroness," said the fellow who was tolling the bell; "we all know very well, he used "to be woundedly in love with her."

"Aye, aye," replied the other, "lookers "on see most of the game; I have seen "how he eyed her when they were seated "at table; so did my Lord the Baron, else "my name's not Rangé; and then the "Chevalier Reginald did not stay to comfort "my Lord, but went away the very day she "was buried."

"Ah, poor lady," said the other, "I am "afraid she did not come fairly by her death "between them; and then there was so "much secresy, nobody might look upon "her, though we all wished for a last look at "her sweet face; and when she was buried, "the coffin was so light, I could have "carried it down into the vault myself, and "so I told Cicely." "Ah, poor soul," said "she, "my Lord the Baron was always so "surly, that my poor Lady pined away al-"most to nothing."

Julien, restless and miserable, was unwilling

willing to suspect his uncle of a criminal affection, of which his own words seemed to have accused him; but when the object they pointed at was his brother's wife, the recollection of the Chevalier's general good character, the certainty Julien entertained of his mother's virtue, the vows of chastity which Reginald had taken when he became a Knight of Malta, all joined in contradicting a belief, which in spite of himself he could not help entertaining, that something improper had taken place in the conduct of his uncle towards the Baroness. Yet Reginald's words, the dark expressions of Augustin, and above all, the conversation he had just overheard in the chapel, bewildered him in a maze of torturing doubt and perplexity, from which he had no other method of extricating himself, than compelling Augustin to disclose the former confession of Reginald, which was a measure he considered as every way unworthy of him; and he reflected, that it might possibly divulge

a secret, than the knowledge of which, his present uncertainty was infinitely more tolerable.

The Baron de Beauval, far from hastening to embrace his brother before he should expire, continued at Petersvale castle, where he received the news of his brother's death, not with concern, but vexation, because he feared that event might render it indecent for him to remain any longer in England, and interrupt the progress which he fancied himself making in the good graces of the Countess Dowager of Petersvale.

Isabelle, still a fine woman, with very engaging manners, possessed a well cultivated understanding and great knowledge of the world. Being herself a Norman, and having long known the Baron, she was well acquainted with his character, and had often wondered with herself how her friend Rohesia the late Baroness could have been deceived

deceived by the thin veil with which he concealed his bad qualities. The Countess had been wedded to a man, who possessed in reality that noble mind, and those dignified manners, to which the Baron in vain pretended. Isabelle could not misunderstand the nature of his attentions to herself, and was not ignorant of their object. His flattery was fulsome and disgusting, and his persecuting civilities kept the rest of her friends at a distance, which destroyed to her all the pleasure of their society. She therefore took occasion to declare, in the presence of a large company, of whom the Baron was of course one, and placed close to her side, that she should shortly resign her estate at Villeverde to her daughter, and herself retire to Whaddon, (an estate which the late Earl her husband had settled upon her at their marriage) and pass half the year in England with her son.

The Baron, who did not lose one word

of this declaration, looked upon her with surprise; and soon after began to wonder that he had been so long blind to the ravages which time had made in a form once very lovely. Her slender and elegant figure now appeared to him that of an emaciated old woman; in her hair, which was extremely black, and shaded a neck still very fair, he discovered additional marks of age. Her conversation, animated and sensible, sounded in his ears as the loquacity of a beldam. In short, the Countess, in the disposal of Villeverde, lost all remains of beauty at once; and, at little more than forty, became in the eyes of the Baron inveterately an old woman.

Her daughter, on the contrary, whom he had hitherto looked upon as a child, in the acquisition of this desirable domain, gained all her mother's graces, in addition to her own.

Adeline

Adeline had been pointed out to him as a match very proper for his son; but he now considered her as equally suitable to himself. It is true, he felt some slight repugnance at breaking a connection which had so long been sanctioned by his decided and avowed approbation. Not that he regarded the feelings of his son, or those of Adeline; he felt only for himself, and was desirous of avoiding both the censure and ridicule which he was likely to fall under. These considerations however weighed but lightly, opposed to the desirable increase of wealth and power which would accrue to him from the possession of Villeverde. He had not, upon some other occasions, hesitated at any secret means, however unwarrantable, of compassing his designs; and did not intend that any qualms of conscience, or scruples of honour, should impede his success here. Full of these thoughts, he retired to read some dispatches which Father Augustin had sent him from Normandy.

The young Earl of Petersvale, who considered the Baron as an old fop of the last age, took no notice of his leaving the company; nor indeed ever paid any more attention to him than, as his guest and his mother's friend, was absolutely necessary; but Erminguard, delicate and sensible, who could never bear that another's feelings, even those of the meanest of her guests, should be hurt by inattention, hinted to her husband, that she feared the Baron had received ill news, as he did not return to the company. "Go, Alfred," continued Erminguard, "and bring him to us."

The Baron, who had some apparently just causes to execrate his brother, and was besides very much averse to the dismal parade of a funeral, determined not to quit his present abode, until his brother's interment had taken place; and with that view, upon Alfred's approach, exhibited every demonstration of the most poignant grief. Alfred, being informed

formed of the cause, and concluding his affliction was real, strove to comfort him. Beauval however declared himself incapable of consolation, and besought the Earl to leave him, and not suffer himself to be affected in his present happy circumstances by the sight of a man labouring under a heavy affliction.

On the following morning, the Baron's valet informed Lord Petersvale, that his master was confined to his apartment by indisposition. The man was also charged to make his excuses to the Ladies Isabelle and Erminguard. The next day the Baron became worse, and could not leave his bed.

Julien in the mean time was seriously distressed, on finding his father did not arrive. The corps of Reginald had been embalmed; but Montalville, as he looked upon the dead countenance of his uncle, perceived every day a sensible and shocking alteration, in

features once so pleasing. That air of goodness which so lately spread itself over his open and manly face, had now given place to a grim and horrible frown. The strong glow of healthy middle age, was exchanged for livid and ghastly paleness. His sunk cheeks, and a look of extreme old age which hourly encreased, presented a spectacle scarcely human, and almost too horrible to be endured. Julien, in the contemplation of these changes, the terrible effects of death, thought of his dead relative, even while he suspected him of a crime which he dared not name, with pity. "If he was guil-
"ty," said Julien, "heaven has punished his
"crimes by cutting him off in the midst of
"his days; even if his guilt was proved, holy
"charity would command us to forgive it."
"Ah, Reginald," continued Julien apostrophizing his uncle's spirit, "relative once
"so beloved, forgive suspicions, perhaps so
"unjust."

Thus

Thus the Chevalier de Montalville, continually harrassed by doubts which he was unwilling to entertain, divided between the affection he had always borne his uncle, and abhorrence at the incestuous connection which he appeared to have almost confessed on his death-bed, wandered about the extensive château de Beauval daily, expecting the arrival of his father, and dreading the shock his parent would receive at beholding the altered countenance of his only brother; for he did not imagine it possible that the Baron would allow him to be interred without seeing him.

Julien had prepared every thing for the funeral, in order that an object so affecting might be removed from his father's sight as soon as possible. Hearing the bell sounded in the great portal, Montalville hastened to receive his anxiously expected parent; but met only an express, who delivered him the following letter.

 " Chevalier,

"Chevalier,

"You have my orders, not "to defer a moment the interment of Re- "ginald. You will also set out immediately "for Malta, and take possession of his "effects and papers. The enclosed letter "will procure you the countenance of the "Chevalier de Sainville, and you will be "guided by his advice, as to your conduct "in that island.

"BEAUVAL."

Julien read this letter twice, before he could persuade himself that it was in reality his father who had written it.

"Chevalier!" exclaimed Julien, "and "then what an air of haughty coldness runs "through the whole!" Montalville, who had ever been the darling of his father, who had always addressed him with the most

most affectionate epithets, was lost in conjectures upon this extraordinary change.

"Chevalier!" repeated he again, "what "can have so much estranged me from my "father as to occasion this ceremonious "distance, which even borders upon con-"tempt?"

His peremptory orders to take immediate care of securing his uncle's property, gave Julien no surprise, as he was too well acquainted with, and had often lamented, the propensity to avarice which was too apparent in the Baron's character. But the rest of the letter gave him serious concern; well as he loved his father, he could not be blind to his unfeeling conduct. The indisposition of the Baron, which the messenger gave as a reason for his not attending the funeral of his brother, offered no excuse for his not leaving England upon the arrival of the first account of his brother's danger. This illness

illness, Julien learned from the messenger, had not attacked the baron until the arrival of his second express. Julien could not overlook, even in a parent, such hardness of heart, and unnatural disregard of a brother who had lost his life in coming to give him proofs of his affection. He recollected, it is true, the jealousy which he had heard his father entertained of his brother, and which the conversation of the servants in the chapel had further confirmed him in believing; but Julien's heart was too young and too generous to suppose that this jealousy could have given birth to a rancorous hatred, which even the death of both its objects could not appease. But whatever, after all, had this to do with himself? A sudden thought darted across the mind of Julien, which made him shudder: "Is it possible," cried he, pressing his hand to his forehead, "is it possible the "Baron can doubt —?" He then began to trace the resemblance, which there certainly

tainly was, in sort of family likeness, between himself and Reginald. He remembered, and sickened at the recollection, how often his mother had remarked, upon different occasions, that he had exactly the air of her brother-in-law, who always appeared flattered by the observation, and usually replied, that his dear Julien had at the same time the beautiful countenance of Rohesia.

Tortured by vague suspicions and perplexing doubts of the virtue of the two persons who had been among the objects ever dearest to his heart, he now prepared to attend the remains of his uncle to the same vault which contained those of a mother whom he had almost adored.

The evening was overcast and gloomy; Julien waited in an apartment adjoining the great hall, till he should be summoned to join the melancholy train which was to attend

attend the coffin of his uncle. The torches of the attendants, flashing upon the opposite walls, faintly illuminated the apartment in which he was walking to and fro.

In one corner stood a large theorbo, on which his uncle used to play the thorough bass, to a smaller lute which Rohesia herself accompanied with her voice. He remembered, with mingled pain and pleasure, those charming little concerts; and almost expected to see Rohesia enter, followed by Reginald, to begin their evening performance, which usually commenced with the close of the day; that time, so silent and so soothing, his mother always considered as best adapted to the plaintive strains she most delighted in.

A light from an opposite window, beaming in feeble reflection through those of his apartment, fell upon his mother's picture; the eyes were turned with a mournful glance

lance upon his; his own became rivetted o them, by a fascination which he could ot resist. A sigh which escaped him eemed re-echoed from the picture. He azed till his imagination became too strong or his reason. He fancied the head turned nore and more towards him, and that all he features became convulsed with grief. The bosom appeared to heave and tears fall ast upon it. He started from the place in which he was standing, and hastily approached the picture; but the light being emoved, the picture no longer continued isible; and a moment's reflection told him, hat he had been imposed upon by one of he common deceptions of an agitated magination. The apartment however, now otally dark, became comfortless and dreary; e left it, therefore, and joined a company f friars, to whom Reginald had formerly een a benefactor, and who had come from neighbouring monastery to attend him to e grave. The corps, carried in procession round

round the great court, was preceded by the friars, chaunting hymns and prayers, and followed by Julien, at the head of all the inhabitants of the castle. Augustin received it at the door of the chapel, and Julien listened to the awful service with a variety of powerful sensations, of which however, grief for his uncle's unhappy death was the predominant one. He followed the coffin into the vault, and saw it with indescribable emotions, placed close by the side of his mother's. The sight of the dismal coffre, which contained the remains of that mother, once so lovely, so beloved, and the strong impression which the sight of her picture had made upon his imagination, combined to affect him deeply. Big drops stood upon his forehead; he attempted to speak, but his voice faultered and was inarticulate; his knees trembled and his whole frame underwent such universal agitation, that he would have fallen upon the coffin itself, had not Sylvio his servant

rvant, perceiving his emotion, caught him
his arms. Augustin caused him to be
rried to his apartment, where he con-
ued a long time insensible; the care and
tention of the domestics at length however
stored Julien to his senses; and at his
n earnest request he was left to that re-
se of which his harrassed mind stood so
uch in need.

CHAP. II.

"Tormenting Dreams, wild Horrors of the Night,
"And Hags of Fancy, wing him through the Air."

THE inhabitants of the château had all long been sunk in repose. No being waked but Julien, who had restlessly counted the lagging hours till midnight. Two lamps, which burned upon high candlesticks in the large window, now partially, and at intervals, with an expiring flame illuminated the chamber. The vast chimney piece, adorned with martial trophies in massive stone, seemed the tomb of some departed warrior. The lofty arched roof of the apartment, crossed and re-crossed with ponderous beams of dark coloured wood carved into various fantastic devices, created gigantic shadows; phantoms that seemed to people

people the region of obscurity above him. The tall and mis-shapen figures, represented in complete armour upon the tapestry, seemed, as they were moved by the wind, to approach him in various menacing attitudes. The hallow blast hoarsely murmured along the winding stair-case, which led downwards among the vaults and covered passages of the castle, of which there was a secret door communicating with his bed-chamber.

Julien, although possessed of courage and fortitude in an eminent degree, yet harrassed as he had lately been by the distressing scenes he had passed through, and the more shocking suspicions which those scenes had given birth to, could not but feel the comfortlessly solitude of his situation. The violence of the wind increased, and roared like thunder through the numerous vaulted passages and towers of the building. Julien could not keep his eyes from that part of the

the tapestry where was the concealed door which, shaken by the wind, he almost expected to see opened. One of the lamps had gone out, and the other did not afford light sufficient to enable him to see across his extensive chamber. Wearied and exhausted, he at length closed his eyes, and slumbered rather than slept, his imagination still presenting nothing but scenes of distress. One moment he saw the Baron, his father, entering the apartment and upbraiding him as the offspring of an incestuous connexion, preparing to put him to death. The remembrance of the door beneath the tapestry then recurred to his troubled mind; he imagined he saw it open, and his uncle Reginald appear at it. The spectre, he thought, approached the bed, and looking mournfully upon him turned away, beckoning him to follow, among the winding passages, and at last seemed to sink into its coffin; while that of his mother bursting asunder, she arose from it, splendidly arrayed

yed, and, appearing in all her former eauty, approached to embrace her son. ulien, filled with joyful emotions, uttered great cry, which destroyed the pleasing lusion, and gave him back to the melan- holy reality of his situation. The other mp had now expired, and it was with dif- iculty Julien could distinguish the window, arge as it was, through the thick darkness. Vexed that the lights were extinguished, y which he might have read during the edious hours in which repose was denied im, he closed his eyes, and again endea- voured to compose himself to sleep; his eflections were too bitter to suffer repose; ll that had happened in the castle, and especially the horrid light in which he hought his father considered him, strewed horns upon his pillow. So true it is, that leep is most unwilling to bestow its balmy lessings upon the unhappy, who most need hem.

Julien,

Julien, however, had begun to lose his melancholy train of thought, in that confused forgetfulness which precedes sounder sleep, when he was suddenly roused, by hearing some person moving near his bed. A circumstance so extraordinary astonished him. He knew that he had secured the entrance of his apartment; and that any other being, besides himself, should be within it, appeared impossible. The concealed door, though it opened with a spring on either side, yet was, he believed, unknown to every body, excepting the Baron and himself, now his uncle was dead. While these reflections passed instantaneously through his mind, he listened again, hoping he might have been deceived by his imagination, as he had been already in the saloon where his mother's picture hung.

Julien, neither superstitious nor obstinately incredulous, had heard many persons assert the possibility of the re-appearance of departed

departed spirits, and adduce what they called well authenticated facts in support of their opinion; while others contended that the great Legislator of universal nature would never allow his laws to be broken. He had balanced between both opinions, but adhering rather to the latter, as more consonant with the benignity of a merciful Being, who would never, he concluded, suffer the inhabitants of another world to return and torment or alarm the short-lived tenants of this. All that had been said on the opposite side of the question, however, now recurred to him, and above all the sudden fate of his uncle, whose life had been terminated at the moment he was about to make some important confession. This thought gave him a sensation of horror. He listened again; and heard somebody breathing hard, almost close to him. The dead, reflected Julien, do not breathe, and his superstitious fears began to leave him, they were replaced by those of assassins,

equally terrifying, and much more certain. He was naked and entirely unable to make any defence, and not knowing what to resolve on, he continued some moments silent, one of his arms resting upon the pillow. He heard the curtain move, and instantly felt a cold hand take hold of his wrist. Unable to contain himself any longer, he sprung up suddenly, and struck at the person who had touched him. The blow took effect, and from the pain it gave himself, he judged it had fallen upon the teeth of the person who approached him. Julien sprang out of the bed, and retreating from it, heard an exclamation between a shriek and a groan. Afterwards all was still, and he heard no more.

The Baron de Beauval was known to be rich, and to have a considerable quantity of plate, as well as some valuable jewels, in his house; which had occasioned several attempts to rob it. The Baron had no fears of losing his property, the principal part of which was concealed in places known only

of

to himself. But these repeated attempts, made by persons who immediately took to the sea upon being pursued, had induced him to train some of his peasantry to arms, who mounted guard every night upon the terraces of the château.

Julien, retreating silently from the bed towards the window, hoped to alarm one of these men, whose duty it was to guard that side of the château on which his apartment was situated. He opened the casement, and called with all his strength; but the wind blew with such violence immediately in at the window, that he knew the guard, who was probably at the other extremity of the terrace, could not hear him, unless he leaned out to give more effect to his voice; but in order to do this, he must have turned his back upon the chamber, which in its present circumstances it was by no means prudent to do. Alarmed at his defenceless situation, he moved silently from the window, and endeavoured to re-

treat towards the chimney, near which his sword hung; surprised all the while that the person, for he had scarcely any doubt of its being a robber or an assassin, made no further attempt to molest him. Having regained his sword, he stepped with the same cautious silence towards the door of the chamber, which opened upon a corridor that crossed the upper part of the hall, having placed himself in such a manner before the entrance that the person within could not escape; for the window was so high from the terrace as to preclude all possibility of leaving the apartment by that means. He then called loudly for his servants. His voice echoed through the vast hall and among the numerous passages which branched from it, and ceased in the murmur of a distant echo. Julien waited some time very impatiently, and then called again. At length a light appeared at the extremity of a distant passage, and shortly after a group of his domestics approached him,

him, with old Cicely, in a wrapping gown, at the head of them. "Bring more lights," cried Julien. The whole troop turned back, marching in a body to procure the required reinforcements. After having sufficiently exhausted Julien's patience, they appeared again, every one bearing a flambeau, which had been used at his uncle's interment.

Having carefully searched the apartment, without discovering any traces of the extraordinary personage whom the Chevalier had encountered, the servants looked upon each other in amazement; and Julien read in the pallid hue of their countenances the judgement they had formed of his nocturnal visitor. Old Cicely, in particular, did not hesitate to assert, that it must have been the Chevalier Reginald's ghost. Julien, no less astonished than his domestics to find that his mysterious antagonist had vanished, was not himself altogether free from apprehensions somewhat similar to those of Cicely.

He however rebuked her sharply for such a supposition, commanding them to light his lamps, and retire to their repose; observing to them, that he had been doubtless deceived by a dream, since it was certain there could have been no human being in his chamber.

"No, no, my Lord," muttered Cicely as she passed along the gallery, "I fear it was "no human being."

The servants, full of this singlar adventure, retired together to their own hall; the outermost casting fearful glances around them, and huddling up to the rest; as they passed through the galleries and passages of the château. The remains of their fire, which had not quite gone out, they frugally scraped together, no one daring to go forth in search of wood; and round its feeble flame they silently placed their heavy oaken benches, and having cautiously secured the entrance of the hall, crouded in a circle before

before the chimney. "I remember," said Cicely beginning the conversation, "when "I was a girl, hearing the story of the "murder in the round tower behind the "castle. The Baron Reginald," continued she, "who was grandfather of the present "Baron, and of the Chevalier Reginald who "was buried to-night,"—

They all fixed their eyes upon the old housekeeper with eager attention.

"The Baron and all his family," continued Cicely, "were at prayers in the "chapel, except Rachael, one of the housemaids, and the under-gardener. Rachael "was making the bed in that chamber of "the round tower with the grated window, "which looks upon the eastern terrace. "She was to have been married, poor girl, "next morning. When the family came "from prayers, the housekeeper, as I might "do, enquired for Rachael. After hunting

" all over the castle, they heard somebody " groan, as they passed by the foot of the " great stairs, which wind up the round " tower. Concluding that Rachael was " taken ill, they hastened up to the chamber " at the top, where she and another maid " used to sleep, and they found her mur- " dered; and the under gardener lying by " her side, nearly dead also. He said, he " could not bear to see her married to " another, and had come up there to take " his last leave of her, and then drown " himself; but the devil tempted him to " kill her. As soon as he had got out these " few words, he died, as the Chevalier " Reginald did, before he could be confessed " and have the last sacraments; and that " was the reason why he walked, and made " all those horrible noise which we used to " hear in the chamber below."

" What noises?" scornfully demanded a domestic

domestic, who had lately been taken into the Baron's service.

"Oh! François," returned the housekeeper, "I can't describe how frightful they "were; but if Marco was here, he would "tell you what he heard, and what he saw; "but he himself ran away from the château, "and we never saw or heard of him any "more, frightened, no doubt, at being "forced to lie near that terrible chamber."

"Who was this Marco?" demanded the incredulous François.

"When Madame the Baroness Rohesia," replied Cicely, "came home, with my Lord "the Baron, after their marriage, Marco, "came with them; and was page to the "Chevalier Reginald. Poor dear boy! he "was the prettiest creature, and used to lie "in the little chamber next to the Chevalier "Reginald, his master."

"Talk no more of Reginald," said a hollow voice, which seemed to proceed from the lower part of the hall.

They all started, and without daring to turn their heads in search of the speaker, crept closer together, and remained silent.

Julien, who had not returned to bed, continued reading in his apartment; or rather, reflecting upon the strange and unaccountable circumstance which had so lately taken place there. Almost an hour had now passed since his domestics had retired, as he imagined, to their repose. When a slow and half stiffled sigh, which proceeded from his bed, roused all his attention, and made him exclaim, "Holy St. Dennis protect me! "what can this mean?" He demanded, in a loud and angry tone, who it was that sighed there thus? No reply was made him, and the drear and dismal stillness of midnight resumed its melancholy reign.

These

These harrassing and unaccountable interruptions were not to be endured. Julien, therefore, taking his sword under his arm, was going to call his servant, who slept in a chamber at no great distance from his own, designing to keep Sylvio with him until day should appear. Turning down the north gallery, his attention was arrested by a faint light, which appeared at the extremity of that passage. This must be the person who has disturbed me so intolerably to night, thought Julien as he proceeded softly towards the light, in order to discover who it was that appeared in the gallery at an hour so unseasonable. As he drew nearer, the figure glided into another gallery. Julien followed silently, and at a distance, and approached by degrees near enough to distinguish a person, wrapped in a long weed which covered him from head to foot. The light, which did not reach the opposite side of the gallery, seemed to proceed from the figure itself. It was certain the person did not bear a taper, for as Julien drew nearer, he

saw both the hands stretched out, as in mental prayer, before a painting of St. Dennis. Its devotions being concluded, the figure passed on to a full length picture of the Chevalier Reginald, which it contemplated for a few moments, and then disappeared beyond a turning in the gallery. Julien imagined he saw his uncle Reginald, as he was wrapped in the habiliments of the dead, before his interment. He still continued to follow, and saw the figure pass through a little door, concealed in the wainscot, which, upon pushing aside one of the pannels, admitted to a narrow stair-case. The figure entered, and the pannel closed after it.

Julien, irresolute whether to follow, or return to his chamber and again summon his domestics, looked silently round him, and down into the great hall below. The lofty Gothic windows now admitting streams of moonlight between the shafts of the pillars,

lars, faintly illuminated that extensive apartment; the moon beams, intercepted by a row of cypress trees which grew in the court, waving in the wind, created a croud of shadows upon the floor. Julien, as he threw a glance across to the opposite gallery, almost imagined he saw the whole race of his ancestors ascended from their tombs beneath, and assembled in this ancient scene of their former festivity and grandeur.

Concluding, that the figure he had seen, if it was human, had advanced far enough not to overhear him, he gently touched the spring of the concealed door, and descended among the vaults of the château, by means of the narrow and winding stairs, built within a cluster of pillars in the hall. The pannel closed after him, and as he cautiously groped along in darkness, he recollected that no person, excepting the Baron and himself, was acquainted with these passages. His dream also recurred to him, of his uncle's conducting

conducting him among these vaults. He hastily turned back, and began to re-ascend the stairs, when he saw the light flashing upon the wall below, and his curiosity again overcame his fear. He descended; and the figure was proceeding before him; Julien followed, and saw it, with mingled emotions of terror and curiosity, approach the vault beneath the chapel, where the bodies of his mother and uncle were entombed. The light being intercepted by the narrow entrance of the vault, the passage in which Julien stood was almost entirely dark, which enabled him to see distinctly what passed within. The figure, whose back was still towards him, having entered beneath a low arched door, glided towards the coffin of Reginald, and appeared to be sinking down into it. Julien, without examining any further, no longer doubted its being the shade of his dear uncle. In an agony of fear, he tottered to the side of the vault, uttering a prayer to Our Lady for protection.

tion. The instant he spoke the light disappeared, and all was dark and silent. Supporting himself by the wall, he crept along, and gained the entrance of the vaults. His whole frame shaking with horror, he passed as quickly as he was able through the galleries to his own apartment, where the lamps continued burning; and threw himself upon the bed.

Exhausted by the agitations he had undergone, he continued in a state of insensibility, until the day was considerably advanced. Sylvio, surprised at having received no summons to attend his master, now entered the chamber. Julien, opening his eyes, was cheered and revived by the joyous appearance of a summer-sun; and seeing his book upon the bed near him, he concluded that he had fallen asleep while he was reading, and that the terrific scenes he had witnessed had passed only in a dream. But upon searching for his sword, it was nowhere

where to be found; their reality therefore no longer admitted of a doubt. He remembered to have dropped it in the vault; it was therefore certain he had been there; and that the figure which had vanished was the restless shade of his deceased uncle, he considered as a fact equally incontrovertible. Sylvio observed these unusual musings, and respectfully enquired if he was well.

"Prepare for my departure instantly," cried Julien, without regarding his enquiry, "I shall set out for Paris after breakfast."

As Julien entered the breakfast room, Father Augustin, receiving him with a reproachful smile, said, the servants had told him the story of the horrible spectre seen in his apartment.

Julien, who knew Augustin always ridiculed the idea of the supernatural appearance

ances of the dead, answered carelessly, "I "suppose I dreamed."

"You ought not to doubt it," rejoined the Father, "but the alarm your dream has "occasioned among your domestics, will "for the future convert every shadow they "encounter into a gigantic goblin." Augustin then proceeded, in a dictatorial tone, to shew him the absurdity of entertaining such childish fears and apprehensions.

This was a lecture, which Julien could scarcely hear with patience.

The Father ran out into a long harangue upon the impossibility of such appearances, and adduced numerous instances of imposture which had been detected. "Dress up," continued Augustin, contemptuously, "a post, in a white robe, place it in the "twilight at the end of a gallery, and I en- "gage that not one of your domestics, Che- "valier,

"valier, will dare to approach it. Goblins "are ever some such wooden existences; "but surely, the fears they occasion, and the "strong assertions which they give birth to "of the re-appearance of particular persons "after their decease, for whom fearful peo- "ple may mistake them, are no proofs to a "man of sense, that the primary laws of "nature are broken, or that"—

"Enough," interrupted Julien, haughtily, "you may reserve your lectures upon this "subject for fearful people, who stand in "need of them. I am not of that descrip- "tion." Augustin was silenced; and Julien, to whom this conversation was extremely unseasonable, hastily finished his breakfast, and took his leave of the Priest; whom he did not intend to see any more before his departure.

CHAP. IV.

" Fresh Tears
" Stood on her Cheeks; as doth the Honey Dew
" Upon a gathered Lilly."

LADY Adeline, knowing that Julien was prevented from accompanying his father to England, by the expected arrival of the Chevalier Reginald at Beauval, had remained at the château de Villeverde under pretence of indisposition; but in reality to be near Julien, which was to her far more agreeable than the fatiguing parade of her brother's wedding. Pensive, and naturally fond of retirement, Villeverde was a charming solitude, in which she could pursue her favorite occupations without interruption. Her fondness for books had not at all recommended

commended her to the ladies of the neighbouring families, who, detesting their gloomy château in the country, had very few of them at present left the gay and splendid scenes of dissipation, which dear, dear Paris afforded.

Day after day passed, and Julien did not appear; Madame Valini, from whom Adeline concealed nothing, sympathised in her uneasiness. Sometimes she imagined that Julien, and the Chevalier his uncle, were gone together to England. Surely, Valini would say, he would at least have informed you of his departure. Adeline thought it impossible he should have left France, without seeing her; and yet she did not think he could have been so long at Beauval, without taking any notice of her, whose stay at Villeverde, he could not be ignorant, was wholly on his account. Nothing seemed so probable as his being in England; but to be gone there, without taking leave

of

of her, was a cruel neglect, of which she could hardly believe him guilty.

"If it be so, Valini," she would say, "he is "greatly changed, and what have I not to fear "from the beauty and amiable manners of "my countrywomen! Lady Petersvale has a "sister, who will doubtless be presented to "him. Ah, Valini! that beautiful girl will "certainly be with her sister upon such an "occasion, and"—Her voice faultering, and her eyes filling with tears, she was unable to conclude the sentence; the thought of losing her beloved Julien, was insupportable. The heart of Julien she prized above all other possessions; without his affection, the world, and all that it contained, became a blank, incapable of interesting her. She shuddered in the anticipation of the wretchedness which would overwhelm her, if, yielding to the fickleness of his nation, he should find in England an object whom he might prefer to herself.

Her

Her usual diversions now became tasteless and insipid. Her drawings, an art in which she excelled, were scattered about her apartment, and neglected. A curious collection of flowers, which she used to cultivate with her own hands, were now no longer beheld with pleasure, but regret, since Julien would no more remark their opening beauties. Valini's lessons in music were now no longer attended to with interest, since Julien was no longer present to mark her improvement, and direct her taste. A small lute was her only companion; with this she would wander upon the sea beach, and listen to the dashing of the waves, or fill the pauses between their breaking upon the shore, with the soft notes of her lute, or the softer strains of her own melodious voice. An hermitage, on the border of the sea, now became her favourite retreat. There she loved to sit and look towards England, where she was more and more persuaded Julien must be gone.

SONG.

SONG.

SWIFT o'er the billows bounds my eager thought,
To seek thee, Julien, on the English shore.
Hope whispers vows, which, by the breezes brought,
From thee, my love, my solitude explore.

The topsail rises o'er the distant wave,
My heart beats quick, for Julien may be there.
Return, dear youth, your Adelina save,
From Hope deferred, the Parent of Despair.

Julien, preparatory to his departure for Malta, arranged every thing at the château de Beauval in such a manner as he thought would be most agreeable to the Baron, whom he now called father with a hesitation that would, if they could have known his thoughts, have occasioned strange suspicions in some of his domestics; who, out of his presence, were very free in their remarks upon the late Chevalier's attachment to the Baroness; although none of them expressed a doubt of that lady's virtue. They attributed her persisting in appearing to misunderstand

derstand the Chevalier's professions, to a fear of irritating her husband against his brother, the savage impetuosity of whose disposition they were all well acquainted with, notwithstanding the courtly exterior under which he sometimes concealed it.

The very sudden death of their lady, and the extraordinary secrecy observed after it, now became more than ever the subject of conversation among the domestics of the château. They all hinted pretty plainly their belief, that the baroness had been poisoned. Old Cicely strongly contradicted this opinion, by assuring them that her lady looked as beautiful when she was placed in her coffin, as ever she did during her life.

Sylvio, Julien's own servant, heard all their surmises and opinions, but forbore to repeat them to his master, knowing it would only give him pain. "And when folks are

"dead,

dead," Sylvio would say to his fellow servants, "the sooner they are forgotten, and "the less that is said of them, the better."

"The less that's said the better," muttered old Cicely; "I am sure nobody can "say too much of my dear Lady, for she was "the best, the sweetest, and the most charitable to the poor; would go into their "houses, and never trust to what other people told her, but examine herself into all "their wants and necessities, and be sure "to relieve them, although she knew what "she had to expect from my Lord, if he "came to know of the money, which she "threw away upon such wretches, as my "Lord always calls the poor peasants; "though, for my part, I think they are the "same flesh and blood as us, and so my "poor dear Lady used to say; but then my "Lord"—

"Ah," interrupted Sylvio, "you never

"can praise my Lady, without abusing my "Lord; so, good Cicely, you had better "say nothing of either." Having made this observation, in return for which the old woman complimented him with the epithet of impertinent jackanapes, he quitted her and her audience, to whom she continued her harangue; and went to join the Chevalier, in the court, who was about to begin his journey.

Julien, as he passed under the great gateway, looked back upon the windows of the opposite building, where was the apartment in which he had passed so much time with his mother and his uncle; and where the Baron, though generally surly among his own family, yet sometimes joined in their evening concert, and appeared happy in the society of his amiable relatives.

Two targets caught Julien's eye, and some bows and arrows laying by them, as the

porter opened his door to attend upon him. Archery was a favourite diversion of the Baron, and he had taken great pains to render Julien as expert as himself. The Baroness Rohesia, who joined in many of their amusements, would seldom be left out of this. A bow of a smaller size stood in the gateway chamber, among the rest. Julien looked upon it with that indescribably tender emotion, which hearts affectionate as his feel so powerfully upon seeing any thing which formerly belonged to a deceased friend.

He now quitted the château; while a weight hung upon his mind and depressed his spirits, in a degree of which he had never before been sensible. The wind, which whistled through the hollow way he was passing in order to gain the main road, seemed to sigh at his departure, and whisper tales of approaching misfortune. His uncle's mysterious words, his father's cold and

haughty letter, were causes of present unhappiness; but a presension of some more dreadful misery lagged at his heart; and when, suddenly emerging from among the trees and bushes with which the road he was passing was covered, he caught a view of the château, its dark towers and heavy battlements seemed to frown upon him with a solemnity unusually gloomy.

There is then, thought Julien, since my father no longer regards me as his son; but one being who is interested in my fate; but when he reflected how much reason he had to believe Adeline affectionately attached to him, his gloomy meditations began to give way to the more agreeable pictures which Hope held out to him, enlivened by that sunshine with which the Goddess, with inimitable delicacy and effect, so successfully gilds her prospectives.

The peasants' children, as he passed their cabins

cabins, ran out out to look at their young Lord, whom they all loved for his condescension and familiarity. Julien, who frequently attended his mother when she made her charitable visits, knew many of them by name; and since her death, had continued her usual donations to some of the most infirm and distressed, who now almost depended entirely upon his charity. The old men and women blessed him as he passed their doors; the children, with joyful countenances, ran to tell those within, that Monsieur le Chevalier was coming. The labourers themselves, on whose account Julien was continually suggesting to his father some alterations in the environs of the château, looked upon him with eyes of gratitude, as their kind patron. He stopped at the cabins of his regular pensioners, and paid them a month in advance, that they might not suffer during his absence, from the deprivation of his assistance.

He gave his last instructions to the teacher of a school, which his mother had erected, and bestowed some trifling rewards upon the most meritorious of the little scholars; and those who were presented to him by the master, as having made particular improvements, he honoured by taking their hand and leading them above others who had been less diligent; a distinction esteemed by these little students as much more valuable than any present of money; their little hearts were more elated by their Lord's approbation, for which they all contended, than a statesman who is upon the eve of receiving a blue ribband, or one who having long been in the Opposition, suddenly finds himself become Prime Minister. Julien, more just than many monarchs, had no favourites from caprice; merit was the only successful claim to his approbation; even where he found occasion to chide, he did it with a mildness which convinced, without irritating.

The

The little boys followed him with their eyes as far as they could see him, and then returned to their applications with redoubled assiduity. Their improvements, of which the young Lord at the castle condescended to take notice, became of importance both in the eyes of the children, and in those of their parents; every one of whom were anxious that their child should be led up by the Chevalier, and always, after his visits to the school, eagerly enquired whom he had distinguished.

Julien felt that calm and tranquil pleasure, inseparable from actions of benevolence, spreading round his heart; and leaving the village, amidst the blessings of its inhabitants, proceeded to Villeverde, to take leave of Lady Adeline.

The Countess of Petersvale, the last of an ancient Norman family, had, when she married an English Lord, stipulated to have

Norman estate of Villeverde settled upon herself, and that she should be allowed to pass some part of every summer there. Isabelle, naturally attached to the mansion of her ancestors, had constantly availed herself of this permission. To render the abode as agreeable to her Lord as she could, she had modernized her old château, and new fronted it upon the same plan as her husband's principal seat in England; and had disposed the neighbouring grounds into as near a resemblance as they would admit of to his park and gardens. The Earl, who saw with gratitude the great pains his Lady took to render her abode agreeable to him, had, at his death, bequeathed it to Adeline, after her mother, whom he had often heard express a desire of marrying her daughter in that country; in order that this estate might still descend to Frenchmen, in preference to English, who she thought would probably neglect, and perhaps pull down, a house in which she had taken so much delight. It

was

was with these views that Isabelle had cast her eyes upon the Chevalier de Montalville, whom, as the son of a neighbouring Baron with whose family her's had formerly been connected by marriages, and a youth of an amiable character, she concluded would be a match likely to secure her daughter's happiness, and carry into effect her darling plan of having French heirs to her domain of Villeverde.

This connexion she had brought about with the most skilful and delicate address. She found means to interest the avarice of Julien's father in her favour, whom she had led to reflect, that the Chevalier, by marrying a woman already in possession of twelve hundred a year in England, would have no occasion to diminish his father's income during his life; for Isabelle was well assured that the fear of being obliged to advance any thing to his son, would prompt him to throw obstacles in the way of every con-

nexion of that kind. The Baron, who had an aversion to the considering Julien and Adeline in any other light than children, because it put him in mind that he himself was not so youthful as heretofore, looked upon the establishment of his son as an event at the distance of half an age.

His Lady, the late Baroness, who had nothing more at heart than this connexion, at length prevailed with the Baron to consent to the proposed union, and he appeared to be extremely desirous that it should take place.

The death of his wife however had occasioned a material alteration in his sentiments. He saw in Isabelle, a woman every way suited to console him for his loss, and saw, at the same time, the possibility of getting Villeverde into his own possession; and as he always preferred the Baron de Beauval's own interest, to that of any other personage whatever,

whatever, he thought the children Julien and Adeline might very well wait till the death of their parents, for the completion of their union. He had however, while his Lady was living, gone too far to make it at all prudent now to declare abruptly the alteration of his intentions; but he hoped to make such an impression upon the heart of Isabelle, as might induce her to exchange the plan of marrying their children, for the more agreeable one of an union between themselves.

With a tolerable person, the Baron had an immoderate share of vanity; and never allowed himself to entertain any doubt of being joyfully accepted by Isabelle, as soon as a sufficient time should have elapsed for him to throw off his mourning for one woman, and address another with decency. With these views he had attended Isabelle to England, and persecuted her with assiduities, which he took particular care should be sufficiently apparent to every one.

That Lady's declared purpose of resigning Villeverde to her daughter, had disappointed him, but it had opened other views, which at present engaged all his attention; and the secret confession of his brother Reginald, which at his desire had been transmitted to the Baron by Augustin, seemed to remove what he considered as the only obstacle likely to impede his success.

Adeline, who was every day more and more alarmed at Julien's neglect, passed her time very disagreeably, and felt deeply mortified that she had given him so decisive a proof of the strength of her affection, as her remaining at Villeverde certainly afforded; and which he had treated with so much disregard. With a mind thus harrassed, Adeline was incapable of her usual employments, or of confining her attention to any object, and Valini began to discover a visible alteration in her health. She proposed sending to Beauval, to make some enquiries; but

but Adeline rejected that expedient. "Sup-
"pose then," said Valini, "you were to go
"England; I cannot bear to see you in this
"continual agitation."

"No," replied Adeline, "that would be
"following the Chevalier, which female de-
"licacy could not permit." Valini, secretly affected at the situation of Adeline, sighed, and turned away.

Adeline, though delicate as any of her sex, would not have hesitated at so slight an inroad upon the boundaries prescribed by female modesty, had not resentment lent strength to her resolution; and it was this last passion only which hindered her from hastening down the avenue of trees before the château, to meet her lover, who now appeared at the end of it.

Although she could not at present see him distinctly, yet her heart told her it was Julien,

Julien, and when he approached nearer to the windows of her apartment, she ran over his person, and almost devoured it with her eyes; his least motion had a charm; his whole figure, environed by that magic medium through which the objects of love are seen, appeared to Adeline that of Apollo. She could not even see the graceful manner in which he dismounted, without certain emotions which proceed only from real affection, and which those only who have felt them can be made to comprehend. When she heard the voice of her lover in the hall, an universal trembling seized her, and seating herself upon a sopha, she pretended to be occupied by her book, the better to conceal her joy and agitation.

Julien, who had led himself to imagine that his father regarded him in an equivocal light, concluded that every one else would soon follow his example, and look upon him as the offspring of an incestuous passion.

So

So strongly had this idea impressed itself upon his mind, that he concluded Lady Adeline, who could not fail to discover his father's suspicions, would abandon him also. These mortifying conjectures had kept him in suspence, whether or not to make her a visit before he had seen his father, and by closely observing him, be enabled to judge whether his own fears were well or ill founded; but the singularity of such conduct, without assigning any reasons, would he knew, be inexcusable. The circumstance of his being about to leave France, and above all the violence of his love for Adeline, hurried him in spite of his fears into her presence.

He approached her, and made her and Madame Valini the common compliments. Adeline forced herself to receive them with an air of reserve, which was scarcely even polite. She rose at his entrance, and pointing to a sopha on the opposite side of the apartment,

apartment, desired Monsieur le Chevalier would please to be seated.

The heart of Julien, shocked as it had been by a variety of distresses, was more and more chilled by this reception; it agreed so exactly with his own desponding thoughts, that he concluded Adeline had been informed by her mother, that the Baron no longer considered him as his child. Finding himself thus about to lose the person dearest to him on earth, he beheld himself suddenly fallen from the state of one of the most happy, to that of the most miserable of human beings; and full of these melancholy ideas, he seated himself in silence.

Adeline, who designed to support what she thought female dignity, meant only to resent by this formal reception his long absence from Villeverde. She found however this sacrifice of her feelings to be a task extremely

tremely difficult, and dared not risk a look at her lover.

A little dog, which had been lying behind Adeline upon the sopha, jumped down, and ran to fawn upon his well known friend, Julien. The Chevalier scarcely saw the caresses which the little animal bestowed upon him.

Valini remarked this unusual absence of mind, and also noticing that Julien was again in deep mourning; (that for his mother having been in part laid aside) she enquired in a hesitating manner after the health of the Baron.

"My father, Madame, is I hope well," replied Julien.

Adeline, struck by the manner in which Valini made this enquiry, and still more by the melancholy tone of Julien's reply, looked,

looked, involuntarily, upon the latter. His altered countenance instantly disarmed her pride and extinguished her resentment.

"My God!" cried she, forgetting every thing but love, and hurrying towards Julien; "my dear Chevalier, you are unwell, "and this has been the cause of your long "absence?"

"Alas, no!" replied Julien, "I would "that alone had occasioned it. My uncle, "my beloved uncle Reginald, is dead!"

Valini, starting from her seat, took the earliest opportunity of quitting the room.

Julien, sighing, began to relate the circumstances of his uncle's death, avoiding carefully any mention of the mysterious words which had escaped him upon his death-bed; concluding his recital with informing her, that he was now on his way to Paris,

Paris, in pursuance of the directions contained in his father's letter, which he shewed her.

Adeline, as he proceeded in his relation, felt more and more concerned at the injustice she had done him, and endeavoured to atone for it by the kindest consolation for his loss, and by giving him every innocent and delicate mark of her affection, and she imputed the faint impression these demonstrations seemed to make upon him, to the grief he felt for Reginald.

The least proof of tenderness from Adeline, which at another time would have filled him with delight, now gave him the most acute pain. Before his return, she would perhaps, he thought, be informed, that his father had disowned him, and declared the infamy of his birth, of which he concluded Reginald had certainly informed the Baron before he came to the château to confess

confess it in person. The horror of these reflections rendered even Adeline's presence insupportable.

"She enquired, with tenderness, when she should see him again?

"Perhaps never!" replied Julien.

Adeline, amazed, and unable to comprehend the purport of what she heard, gazed upon him in silence.

"Forgive me, Lady Adeline," said Julien recollecting himself; "the melancholy scenes "in which I have been engaged, have con- "fused me. I shall pass a week at Mar- "seilles with our friend Sainville; and it is "probable I may have the happiness of re- "turning to Villeverde some time in the "next month."

"Dear Julien," said Adeline, regarding him

him with affection, "some uncommon dis-
"tress has seized upon your mind, and oc-
"cupies it entirely. The loss of your uncle,
"well as I know you loved him and however
"afflicting, with your manly fortitude is
"supportable, and cannot have occasioned
"in you such an alteration as I perceive.
"You labour, my friend, with some fatal
"secret, else why regard me with such
"mournful looks? they fill my soul with
"dread. Share your griefs with your Ade-
"line; if I cannot avert the misfortune, at
"least let me partake of it. Julien, confide
"to me this distressing secret."

"You will know it, Adeline, too soon;
"would to God it could have been for ever
"concealed, from you, from me, and from
"all the world."

"It will not separate us, Julien?" said Adeline, with terror.

"Alas

"Alas! it must; guiltless as I am, you "will disdain, and must abandon me."

"Abandon you!" replied Adeline, with emotion, "oh never! could you read my "heart, all whose wishes, all whose hopes, "are your's, you would not torture it by "such unjust fears."

"I shall become," cried Julien, in a tone of desperation, "an outcast! an alien! a "wretch without a name! even my father— "father!—no—my uncle!—the Baron"—

"What of the Baron, Julien? what has "happened to him?"

"Happened to him! has he not lost his wife, his brother, and his"—

"Yes," cried Adeline, interrupting him, "but Lady Petervale tells me"—

"What does she tell you?" fiercely demanded

manded Julien; "believe nothing rashly—
"wait for proofs—examine them—my life
"depends upon it."

"You amaze me, Julien! Madame de
"Villeverde, my mother, informs me, that
"the Baron bears his losses with Christian
"resignation, and begins to recover his
"usual spirits."

"Oh, doubtless," replied Julien, laughing convulsively, "he cannot regret beings,
"who under an appearance so amiable, were
"in reality so worthless."

Adeline continued to entreat an explanation, but the Chevalier, sinking down upon the sopha, seemed neither to see or hear her. Valini now entered, followed by a servant with refreshments. Adeline rejoiced in this interruption; for however eager she had at first been in her enquiries, she now began to dread the knowledge of a circumstance,

stance, which he had hinted was likely to separate them. She dismissed the servant, and without demanding any farther explanation of her lover, applied herself to calm his spirits and inspire him with hope. She talked to him of her plants, of her progress in music, and taking up her lute, played and sung an Italian air. Julien, who saw her design, forced himself to appear amused.

A sadness, however, filled the mind of Adeline and overspread her lovely countenance when the moment arrived that they were to part. Although but for a month, that month appeared to her a vast portion of her existence.

"I believe, Julien," said she, "your ex-
"treme melancholy has infected me. This
"month, in looking forward, appears an
"age. Really, I believe, I shall be very
"unhappy, if you do not return precisely at
"the time you have fixed."

"Believe

"Believe me, my adored Adeline," replied the Chevalier, "your Julien can know no "happiness out of your presence." While he was speaking, he saw Sylvio coming with the horses. Taking Adeline's hand, he said in a hurrying manner, "may I make your "your Ladyship a request before my depar- "ture?"

Adeline replied, blushing, "yes Julien; "and I know you will not require any thing "to which I may not venture to promise "compliance before-hand."

"It is, that you will go immediately to "England, and put yourself under your "mother's protection. My mind is haunted "by vague fears, for which I cannot ac- "count."

She readily assured him, she would begin her journey on the following day.

"And when you arrive," added Julien, solemnly, "the secret with which my heart "is breaking will, I fear, be revealed to "you; and you, my Adeline, will pity, if "you no longer love me."

Adeline, sensibly affected, turned aside to conceal her tears.

Julien fervently kissed her's, which he still held within his own, and bid her adieu.

CHAP. V.

"Worshipful Society."

MADAME de Villeverde, finding her son and Lady Petersvale desirous of prolonging their stay at their country-house before they went to France, wrote to inform Adeline, that her own stay in England would necessarily be protracted.

"Since this is the case, dear Adeline," continued the Countess, "send to Beauval, "and desire Julien to come and join our "party at Petersvale. He will be a very "sufficient escort for you and Valini; and "it will, besides, divert his grief for Regi- "nald, whom, I am sure, Montalville la- "ments much more sincerely than his "father. It must be owned, the Baron is

" not at all wanting in any outward demon-
" strations of affliction. He mourns most
" pompously; although, I know, he de-
" tests a black habit, as well as the gra-
" vity which his hypocrisy persuades him it
" is necessary to assume upon this occa-
" sion."

" At Petersvale castle we have still re-
" maining a motley party, who with all
" their variety tire me to death. Come
" therefore, my dear girl, and make me
" some amends in your society, for the insi-
" pidity of these English fashionables."

Madame de Villeverde, who chose to be addressed by that title in preference to being called Countess Dowager of Petersvale, felicitated herself upon having now so much less of the Baron de Beauval's fatiguing attentions. His civilities were now confined within the bounds prescribed by the strictest rules of the coldest politeness.

Isabelle

Isabelle despised both the man and his motives. Naturally of a lively temper, she laughed at him, and all the rest of his rivals, whom she knew very well, while they sighed insidiously by her side, were much more desirous of possessing her estate than herself. She however kept upon the best terms she could with the Baron, on her daughter's account, whom she informed him she now daily expected in England.

"Ah, the dear Mademoiselle Adeline," sighed out the Baron, "she, who esteemed "my regretted Reginald so highly, will "kindly pity his disconsolate brother."

"I declare, Baron," cried Madame de "Villeverde, "you are always, like a dark "cloud, casting your melancholy shade "upon every thing within your reach."

"Alas, Madame!" said the Baron, in a "melancholy tone, "the sun has withdrawn

" his cheering influence. The brother of " my heart," added he, appearing to wipe his eyes, " is no more."

" I respect your feelings," said Isabelle, ironically, persuaded of the hypocrisy of the Baron, " but I do assure you, Baron, that " all affection, or the pretence of it, for re- " lations, is now become so very unfashion- " able in England, that unless you throw off " your mourning, and say no more of Regi- " nald, I shall very soon be ashamed of " your acquaintance. Lady Petersvale her- " self is under great concern for your repu- " tation, which you will certainly sacrifice " among the fashionable party here, should " this romantic grief continue."

The Baron, who had practised a vast deal of grimace in the way of grief, because he thought it a method of becoming respectable among the English, whose character he had heard was that of gravity and solemnity, now

now finding his mistake, loudly laughed at his own folly in having given himself so much trouble to so little purpose. "I have," cried he, "most egregiously mistaken the "English character, and been too long "blind to their refinements; rational, sen- "sible people! they have the discernment "to see and despise the absurdity of grief, "and are much less barbarous and go- "thic"—

"In truth, Baron," interrupted Isabelle, "they are already so far from either, that "I do not despair of shortly seeing an En- "glishman of rank outdo a Parisian petit "mâitre of the very first quality."

"Vive la bagatelle!" cried the Baron, turning round upon one foot; "a hint from "the beautiful Comtesse de Villeverde is a "command; a ray of her favour is suffi- "cient to enliven the blackest cloud in the "atmosphere."

"Take care then," replied Isabelle, ridiculing the coxcomical expression of the Baron, "to be properly irradiated when you "come again within my orbit, and shew "these English, that our nation are still the "princes of feathers. Dépêchez donc, dé-"pêchez, Monsieur le Baron, and take par-"ticular care of the costume which I shall "announce as the last fashion from Paris."

"Je vais, ma charmante Comtesse," re-"plied the Baron, immediately quitting the room.

Lord Petersvale proposed to the gentlemen, to ride to the neighbouring sea-port and examine a vessel which was building there on a new construction. They all departed, except Sir Frederic Plume and an old Italian Count, who had not joined the breakfast party. Sir Frederic offered to attend the ladies in a morning ramble, which they had talked of.

Lady

Lady Villeverde and Lady Petersvale, with her sister Julia, strolled through the park; at the gate of which Julia proposed that they should extend their walk, attended by Sir Frederic, upon the road towards a hill before them, from which there was a prospect of the sea, and of the shipping at anchor in the harbour.

As they approached the hill, over part of which the public road lay, and which winding round one side of the hill, formed a deep precipice below, they saw a carriage before them descending upon the precipice, and were near enough to distinguish two ladies in it. At the moment that the carriage came round from the other side of the hill, some sheep, which were lying upon the banks above, suddenly started up, and running near the carriage, so frightened the horses, that the postilion had no longer the command of them; they reared, and began

to back the carriage towards the edge of the precipice.

"Fly! fly! my dear Sir Frederic," cried Lady Villeverde, "and endeavour to stop "them," and at the same time she sprang forward herself; but Sir Frederic, looking at her with amazement, turned pale, and seemed rather inclined to leave the travellers to their fate, than run the risk of being dragged down the precipice by the frightened animals. Lady Petersvale however and her sister following Lady Villeverde, Sir Frederic was compelled to accompany them.

The ladies in the carriage shrieked with terror, and Lady Villeverde in an agony discovered her daughter and Valini, on the brink of destruction. The postilion finding that in spite of his endeavours the horses continued to back the carriage, threw himself off. At that instant, a young man in deep mourning rushed from a coppice into road,

road, and seizing the reins of both horses, with great address, turned their heads towards the precipice. The animals, when they saw their danger, became more quiet; and the postilion instantly seizing the opportunity of opening the carriage door, Adeline and Valini sprang out.

"A thousand thanks and blessings, my "dear Sir," cried Lady Petersvale to the stranger, who still held the horses. Sir Frederic all this time stood at some distance, without attempting to render any assistance.

"If you will please to take hold of this "horse, Sir," said the stranger, "I believe "we can lead them down the hill with "safety."

Sir Frederic reluctantly advanced, not without signs of trepidation, and took hold of the horse on the side next the hill. The horse however shewing still some marks of

fear, Sir Frederic hastily quitted it, pretending that the postilion, though he saw the poor lad had been bruised in jumping from the carriage, could now take care of the horses without any other assistance.

The animals, by the management of the stranger, were now quiet, and Adeline's servants, who had been detained at the post town, coming up, the postilion said that he thought he could conduct the carriage to Petersvale castle himself.

The emotions of Lady Villeverde and Adeline deprived them for some moments of speech; Valini, though considerably alarmed, was collected, and did her utmost to prevent them from fainting.

The Count di Rozarno, who was also a visitor at the castle, a short time after the departure of the ladies, had followed them, and was enquiring of Sir Frederic the nature

ture of the accident, but the latter was too much ashamed of his conduct, and the remains of his fear, to give him any account. The stranger, perceiving by the accent of the Count, that he was a foreigner, addressing him in French, said, "the horses "had been a little restive, and on that ac- "count the ladies had left the carriage, in "order to walk down the hill."

Lady Petersvale, seeing the Count, left Adeline to the care of her sister, and came forward to meet him, informing him of the particulars of the accident, and interrupting herself every moment to bestow her thanks and praises upon the courage and humanity of the stranger.

But Madame de Villeverde, whose spirits were too much agitated to observe forms, passed the Count, and threw her arms round the neck of the young stranger, calling him the saviour of her daughter, and demanding how

how she could repay her great obligations to him. The young man, modestly disengaging himself, said he was sufficiently rewarded in having the good fortune to be useful to such amiable ladies; and as they were now sufficiently recovered to pursue their walk, and his presence was no longer necessary, bowing to Julia, he took his leave; and before Lady Petersvale, who was beginning to speak, could give him an invitation to the castle, he disappeared among the thick brushwood and young trees of the coppice.

Lady Villeverde called to him to return, but finding he did not, she demanded eagerly if any body knew him. The postilion, overhearing her repeated questions, of "who the gloriously benevolent creature "was, to whom she was indebted for all her "happiness?" and not hearing any person make a reply, said,

"Yes, please your ladyship, I knows him "very

" very well; he lives, by the great dell, in " the middle of that there wood."

Valini, who had walked pensively behind, upon seeing the Count, started, and drew a thick black veil over her face.

Adeline, struck with the young stranger's countenance, approached Valini, saying in a whisper, " dear Valini have you a younger " brother in England ?"

Valini, very much agitated, replied, " let " us hasten to the castle; I am unwell."

Madame de Villeverde, who knew Valini always avoided the presence of strangers, saw her and Adeline walk towards a little gate in the shrubbery, which led by a nearer way to the castle; and guessing the reason, called back Sir Frederic, who was following them, and taking the arm of the count, returned with her party by the way they came.

Lady

Lady Villeverde, before she went down to dinner, ordered the postilion into her dressing room, to interrogate him more particularly concerning the gentleman who had saved her daughter; in answer to her questions, the fellow replied,

"I cant say, your Ladyship, as I knows "much about un, but granmother, who "lives wi un, knows more nur I does."

"Your parent lives with the gentleman "then?"

"Yes, she and little sister, my Lady; "granmother cant walk, so sister went to "help her."

"What is her master's name?"

"Folk calls him, young Mr. Lewis, of "Woodbourn Dell, and 'tis sich a frightful "lonesome

"lonesome place, to be sure, my Lady, I "wonders granmother dare bide there."

"I never heard before there was any house "in that wood."

"La! your Ladyship, it was only a poor "cottage house, as old Dame Gale used to "bide in, and they said as how she was a "witch, but now sister says, tis quite as "grand as our parson's."

Lady Villeverde, finding from farther questions, that Woodbourn Dell was by a foot path within half a mile of Petersvale Park, determined to go in person, and invite its inhabitant to her son's castle.

Adeline entering, as the postilion left the room, overheard part of her mother's enquiries; but her mind was too full of Julien's strange behaviour to allow her to interest herself in any thing else. Lady Villeverde saw

saw the tears standing in in her eyes, and anxiously demanded what had happened.

Her daughter repeated all that had passed in her last interview with Julien. Isabelle was distressed at the situation of his mind; but entirely at a loss to assign any reason for it. "It is some cruelty of that old cox-"comb, the Baron, no doubt," said she. "He is an example of the truth of Voltaire's "observation about Monkies and Tigers; "but I think Beauval is most of the latter."

Adeline shewed her mother a copy of the Baron's haughty letter to Julien, when he commanded him to go to Malta.

"This is strange," said Isabelle, when she had read the letter; "the Baron has "some scheme which I cannot fathom; I "am glad however that you are with me; "Julien seems to have apprehended some "mischief, by desiring you to leave France.

"Sending

"Sending him to Malta is a mere pretence "to get him out of the way. Beauval "knows, if Julien does not, that whatever "property the Knights may have, goes at "their death to their Order; and it is not to "be supposed, that the Chevalier Sainville, "who is a man of honour, will join in "cheating the Order of its rights. Leave "the developement of this affair to me, my "dear girl; depend upon it, if Julien still "continues to deserve you, no common ob-"stacle shall prevent your union, although "Reginald's very recent death will now ne-"cessarily defer it."

The Baron, being informed by the party, who had now assembled in the dining room, of Adeline's arrival, met her at the door as she entered; and seizing both her hands, made her some extravagant compliments upon her beauty, expressing at the same time, in the most hyperbolical terms, the horrors he had undergone, while the dan-

gerous

gerous situation, from which she had so happily escaped, was related to him.

Adeline shrunk from his advances, regarding him with surprise. She herself appeared in slight mourning; a compliment, which her tenderness for Julien gave her a secret pleasure in paying his father.

The Baron was arrayed most sumptuously, his hair immoderately frizzed and powdered; he continued to talk and take snuff without ceasing. Adeline cast a second glance upon him, and passing him, slightly courtesying, said, "she was happy "to see Monsieur le Baron in such good "health."

Lady Villeverde called the attention of the company, to observe the last fashion from Paris; her Ladyship then ran rapidly into a long encomium on the Baron's singularly elegant taste; and having thus put him into

into a high good humour with himself, she drew him aside to a window, and demanded what was the reason his son had allowed Adeline to come to England alone?

The Baron's eyes sparkled with rage, and almost in the same moment filled with tears. Isabelle was surprised, but repeated her question; adding, "their connection is so "well known here, that this neglect, unless "you explain it, is affronting to my daugh-"ter, and will afford some disgust, I fear, "to Lord Petersvale."

"I will explain to you, Madame, upon "some other occasion," said the Baron in a low voice, "all that relates to Julien;" and he added, in a louder tone of assumed gaiety, turning towards the company, "Ju-"lien will regret that he cannot have the "honour of profiting by the society of so "many elegant English; but my affairs "oblige him to remain at Marseilles for "some time."

Lady

Lady Villeverde was forced to content herself with this promise of future explanation, as the Baron carefully avoided any particular conversation with her during the rest of the afternoon.

CHAP. VI.

"A Face, wherein there lie
"Clusters of Clouds, which no Calm ever clears."

VALINI, when she thought the company had retired to the drawing room, which was in another wing of the house, put on her veil, and stole across the lawn towards the extensive plantations and shrubberies which embosom Petersvale castle. Her accidental meeting with Count di Rozarno had awakened recollections so painful, that all her long established self command was scarcely sufficient to support and conceal the violence of her emotions.

Valini had originally began her acquaintance with Madame de Villeverde in a convent, where that lady was for short time an

an accidental boarder, with her infant daughter Adeline. Valini, whom her own imprudences, and the distresses consequent upon them, had disgusted with the world, at that time had intentions of becoming a nun. But the infant beauty of Adeline, and the fascinating manners of Madame de Villeverde, had so attached her to both mother and daughter, that when the Countess expressed to the Lady Abbess, in the presence of Valini, her anxiety about the future management and education of her daughter, which the various engagements her own rank involved her in, made it impossible for her to attend to completely herself. Valini, taking Adeline in her arms, offered to dedicate herself entirely to the formation of her mind.

Lady Villeverde, no less surprised than pleased, accepted her offer with the most lively expressions of gratitude. She had learned from the Abbess, that Valini was a woman

woman of high quality; that she was also a woman of the most polished education, attentive observation had abundantly proved to her. Her manners were such as ought to accompany such a countenance; they were remarkably dignified, but at the same time so tempered with sweetness, that if her air had something the appearance of condescension towards those whom she addressed, it was of a kind that seemed to render her notice doubly valuable, and to exalt the object of it. Nobody thought of considering Valini as merely the governante of Lady Adeline; Madame de Villeverde had taken care to secure her a proper respect, by informing her female friends, that she was both a woman of quality and fortune. Valini never spoke of either herself; her steward regularly attended her at Paris with the rents of her estate, which were known to be considerable, by the magnificent presents she made Adeline, and by her expensive charities in the neighbourhood of Villeverde,

where she had erected a school for the education and maintenance of a certain number of young females, who, at suitable ages, she portioned and disposed of in marriage; and when she was sometimes rallied by Madame de Villeverde for her earnestness in promoting these marriages, she would reply,

"There is no creature in greater danger "of falling, by irresistible temptation, than "a girl, who is of age to be married; at "the same time, there are none less assisted, "or if they fall less pitied; on this account "Signora, I think my method of fulfilling "the duty of holy charity is the most ra- "tional, as well as the most incumbent "upon one woman towards another."

If any of the few persons, by whom she would be seen, by oblique hints appeared desirous of knowing who she really was, she would observe, without hesitation, that Signior Valini, whose name she bore, was an Italian

officer, who had lost his life in the service of the King of Naples. This plain account had silenced all further enquiries, and she was considered as the widow of the officer she had mentioned. Her apartments at Villeverde were so remote from those appointed for the reception of company, that during the earlier infancy of Adeline, she was seldom seen by any, excepting her pupil and her attendants.

Lady Villeverde, passing great part of the year in England, Valini at the château in Normandy was more perfectly a recluse than if she had been actually a nun. The lady had particular reasons for the cautious concealment which she so studiously observed. Strong passions had involved her in situations, at which she shuddered in remembrance, and had stained her conscience with crimes, which many years of penitence, the most austere, had been insufficient to obliterate.

Left early, by the death of both her parents, mistress of herself and of a good estate, under the protection only of a careless brother, a blooming girl of sixteen, Valini had began the world, the idol of all the youth of Venice. Young, full of health and susceptibility, she had imbibed a passion for a nobleman, whom she had seen at the Carnival; and it was supposed that she had eloped with him to France. Her brother, shocked as he was at the disgrace she had brought upon an ancient and noble family, had nevertheless taken every step to recover her, but in vain during three years, when at length he received an account that she had taken refuge in a convent at Marseilles. He hastened thither, demanding her of the abbess as his sister. That lady informed him, it was indeed true that an Italian had commenced her noviciate in her convent, but that she was of a different name and family; what that name was, the superior assured him she was not permitted to divulge.

He

He entreated permission to speak, if but two words, to the lady. The abbess sent a nun with his request, and when the sister returned, she delivered a note through the grate.

"Signora Camilla di Riazzi is too much "indisposed to see any one, and begs the "Count di Rozarno will be pleased to ex- "cuse her."

Rozarno, who had been acquainted with Camilla, and had often seen her writing, had no suspicion of the deceit which was practised upon him by the prompt and dexterous forgery of his sister; and expressing his sorrow for the indisposition of the Signora, immediately quitted the convent.

It was this circumstance which had principally induced Valini to offer to accompany Madame de Villeverde to England; but finding from her steward, whom she ordered

meet her at Paris, that her brother was himself going to that country, she contrived to be fixed at Villeverde with the young Adeline.

It was in that retirement that Valini had passed many years in penitence and sorrow for the crimes which ungoverned passion had seduced her to commit. What those crimes were, and the pangs of remorse which they occasioned her, were known only to her confessor and herself. Her person was as little known; for when by accident, or necessity, she was in the presence of any other person than Lady Villeverde's most intimate female friends, she was closely veiled, and spoke little. Her dress was nearly that of a nun, and indeed it was in that character she was usually considered; nothing but her extreme affection for Adeline could have induced her to leave her retirement, and come to England; as soon however as her character was known to the company at Petersvale,

tersvale, not one attempted to intrude upon her; and as she seldom left her apartment, but at times when she believed every body else engaged in the house, her solitude was but little interrupted. Her health had been some time declining; the death of Rohesia, the late Baroness de Beauval, had greatly shocked her; that lady had always treated her with great affection and tenderness, but to the astonishment of Madame de Villeverde, Valini had ever shrunk from her advances, or replied to her professions with a coldness that appeared ungrateful, and was unaccountable; and it was equally strange that Valini could never be prevailed upon, either by repeated invitations from Rohesia, or the entreaties of Isabelle, to enter the château de Beauval.

When she heard Julien informing Adeline of the death of the Chevalier Reginald, she with difficulty restrained a shriek, which was about to escape her, and hurried out of

the room, to throw herself at the feet of an altar in her oratory. Valini was deeply interested in the fate of the Chevalier and the Baroness; and she was equally so, to conceal the knowledge of that interest from all the world.

It was now nineteen years since she had seen her brother, and her accidental meeting with him at Petersvale castle occasioned such a conflict of passions in her bosom as she had never before experienced. Valini loved Rozarno with the utmost tenderness, but time had not at all lessened her shame for her past conduct, or altered her determination of never appearing again as a member of a family which she had so much disgraced. Her steward furnished her with regular accounts of the health and welfare of this dear brother, to whom, by his means, she wrote at intervals, to prove that she was still living, in order that she might not be deprived of her estate.

Rozarno,

Rozarno, excessively rich and equally indolent, allowed his sister, since she chose to do so, to seclude herself and remain unmolested. He only knew in general, that she boarded in a French convent, but was not professed; and he contented himself with concluding, year after year, that when she should be tired of the cloister, she would return to Venice. He took indeed some pains to draw the secret of her retirement from her steward, but as his bribes did not exceed Valini's generous payments, and the man besides loved his lady, he remained faithful to her, and the Count gave up all further enquiries.

Valini, whose energetic character knew no feeble passions, longed ardently to embrace her brother, but she could not reveal herself to him, without at the same time being known in her real character to the Ladies Villeverde and Adeline. To appoint a private meeting with the Count di Rozarno,

to whom she was supposed to be an utter stranger, was impossible, without afterwards appearing as his sister. So unexpected a discovery would naturally lead to enquiries, the bare apprehension of which filled Valini with shame and despair.

Full of these thoughts, the still beautiful Italian, wandering among the shrubberies of Petersvale, cast her eyes at intervals upon the windows of an apartment in the castle, where her brother and the visitants of the Earl were assembled. She endeavoured to silence the pleadings of affection, by opposing to them the suggestions of reason and prudence. "'Shall I disgrace my noble "brother, by owning myself his sister?— "forbid it, honour! and even affection!—I, "a wretch! whose crimes can never meet "the day." A shower of tears came to her relief; she kneeled and prayed a few moments, and then walked with hurried steps to the little gate, which led towards the hills,

hills, unconscious whither she was going. She proceeded in deep meditation, until she had reached the precipice, from which Adeline and herself had so providentially escaped. Wandering round the hill towards the sea, she endeavoured to fix her eyes upon that part of the horizon, where she imagined the château de Villeverde might be situated.

The sun, which was now setting among clouds infinitely various in figure and colours threw a softness upon the scene, which Valini felt soothing to her heart. She seated herself upon the moss-covered root of an aged oak, to contemplate that Prince of splendor.

"Like a Monarch," said the fair Italian, "surrounded by his courtiers, those who "thrust themselves most forward have the "most of his smiles, and glitter in gold and "purple; while modest merit, clad in sober "grey, retires at a distance, and that vast

" mass of voluminous vapour, which rolls " beneath, represents the body of a people, " who support the throne, but see not the " face of the Sovereign."

The towers of the castle, which seemed to rise from the sea, frowned in surly grandeur amidst the heavy dark vapour behind which the sun was retiring. Valini cast her eyes upon the object, but withdrew them instantly, and turned into the wood, in her way back, a small part of which she had crossed by a path, in order to gain the summit of the hill.

As she walked gently down the declivity, she heard soft music floating upon the air, interrupted at intervals by the light breeze which sighed among the branches above her. " They are sweet notes," said Valini; " I " could almost believe the performer one of " my countrymen; HolyVirgin! what a ca- " dence." She stopped to listen; the sounds

sounds were on the right hand, and a path of considerable breadth appeared to lead to some human habitation. Valini listened again, and heard an air, so pathetic, so exquisitely expressed, that she hastened eagerly forward, and passing through a rough path, she saw a green gate before her, which gave way upon her touching it, and introduced her to a winding alley, fragrant with the perfume of a thousand flowers, which the shade and coolness of the evening increased. Valini proceeded silently, that she might not lose a note of so excellent and tasteful a performer. After several turnings, she saw a rustic temple, whose pillars were covered with eglantine and honeysuckles; and the musician himself seated at a little table, with his back towards her. There was a low hedge of hawthorn between them; he had ceased playing, and leaned with his elbow upon the table, looking earnestly at a small portrait which lay before him. Valini could distinguish a woman's countenance; but

when

when she began to apologise for her intrusion, the youth, hastily snatched up the picture, and turning, discovered to her the countenance of her deliverer.

She began to pour forth her thanks with all the energy of a heart sensible as her's was of every obligation. Here she was addressing the preserver of her life; her gratitude was sincere; it was the heart that spoke. The youth could not distinguish her features through her veil, but conjecturing that she was one of the ladies whom he had extricated from their dangerous situation on the hill, he besought her to forget so trifling a service; and handing her into the rustic temple, led her to a chair.

Valini's eyes were rivetted upon the features of the youth before her; she trembled, and starting at his touch, exclaimed, mer-
" ciful God, preserve my senses."

" Be

"Be composed Madam," said the young man, "the remembrance of your danger "affects you; allow me to fetch you a glass "of water."

Valini bowed her head, and the youth hurried into his cottage to procure the assistance of his servant for the lady. She followed him with her eyes across the lawn towards his house. "It cannot be," said Valini, arguing with herself. "Camilla "wrote to me, that he died at Venice—yet, "Adeline demanded, had I a brother? "when she saw this youth—his features too "are alike," said she, almost breathless— "exactly like what mine once were. Ah "wretchedValeria di Rozarno, once the pride "of a noble family, how art thou fallen!"

After a long pause, during which her thoughts were so intently occupied on what had passed, that she scarcely breathed, Valini exclaimed,

"It

"It cannot be!—It were madness to hope "it—such a discovery! O Holy Virgin! "my heart is bursting!" She rose from her seat, and ran frantickly from the temple, towards the gate, at which she had entered. The air however recovered her, and leaning for a few moments, upon the arm of an ancient espalier, which stood near, her presence of mind returned, and she was about to re-enter the temple, when the cause of her agitation again appeared before her. She accepted the refreshment which the youth had brought her. His old servant then coming in informed her master, that she saw some ladies and a gentleman coming up the hill from the castle.

Valini, hearing the information, declared herself perfectly recovered, and took her leave, saying, she wished to avoid them, as she had letters to write, for which Lady Adeline's servant would be waiting.

Her

Her entertainer attended her to the gate, and pointed out a way by which she might regain the castle through the plantations without meeting Lady Petersvale's party.

Madame de Villeverde, who was rather before the rest, saw Valini hurrying away, but knowing how much that lady always wished to escape observation, appeared not to have seen her.

I am come, Sir," said Isabelle, "to pay "in person the poor tribute of my thanks, "for the happiness of my future life, which "you have secured to me in the preserva- "tion of my daughter; and to beg that "you will point out to me some way of "manifesting my gratitude. I shall not be "at rest until I have endeavoured to return "so great an obligation."

"And

"And I," said Adeline, "join with a still "deeper interest in the same petition to my "generous preserver."

"You cannot be so unreasonable as to "deny us all," cried Lady Petersvale; "and here is Julia, with her begging eyes, "who has been giving us your history. "You must allow us the honour of your "friendship, Sir," added her Ladyship.

The youth, relieved from an aukward embarrassment, replied, that "it would be a "great honour conferred upon him, which it "should be the business of his life to de-"serve." He conducted the company to the rustic temple, where his old servant, with the assistance of her spruce granddaughter, had spread the table with strawberries and cream, and was bringing also wine and biscuits.

"Julia, blushing and hesitating, enquired whether

whether Mrs. Domer was expected in the country.

The youth answered respectfully, that he had certainly no reason to expect her at his cottage; and that he believed she had not at present left town.

"I hear," said Lady Petersvale, "she is "left excessively rich, which I am sorry "for, as it was I believe generally under- "stood that you were to have been Mr. "Domer's heir."

"Mr. Dormer, Madam," replied the youth, "was the most generous of men, "and to me more than a father."

"I have heard Mrs. Dormer's character, "from Julia," said Madame de Villeverde, "as well as the little respect she has paid to "the known wishes of her late husband in "your favour. You see, Sir, we are already "using

"using the freedom of friends." "Nay, "nay," continued that lady, upon seeing him gravely bow, as a tacit reproach for what seemed an improper liberty, "I depose "Mrs. Dormer, and constitute myself your "mother from this moment."

"And I," said Adeline, taking his hand, "your sister."

"Hey-day!" cried Lady Petersvale, snatching the other hand, "if I dont look "about me, I shall be left out of this family "compact."

The youth, almost affected to tears, faulteringly murmured out his thanks for such unexampled kindness to an unknown orphan.

Julia, in the mean time, had gone to the bottom of the lawn to fetch the Count di Rozarno, who was sauntering there, in order to

to introduce him. They returned together, and Julia announced him as a Venetian nobleman.

"You will allow me also, Sir," said the Count, in very broken English, "the rank "of your friend."

"Most readily," replied the youth, in Italian, "and I, Signor, have the honour "to be born your countryman. Miss Fitz-"hubert," added he, turning to Julia, "has often heard my lamented friend relate "his having found me when an infant of "two years old, in a deserted cottage on "the terra firma in the dominions of the "Venetian state."

"Of Venice!" exclaimed the Count, regarding him with fixed attention.

"Yes, my Lord. The infantine account "I gave of myself was, that my parents, "meaning

"meaning the peasants of the cottage, had "been out all night and all day. He de- "manded their names, which it seems I re- "plied were Carlo and Maria."

"And your's?" demanded the Count.

"Ludovico Corticelli."

The Count started, but assuming a counterfeit composure, he replied, "we are then "namesakes, as well as countrymen; Cor- "ticelli is the designation of my family."

The evening now approaching, Madame de Villeverde took Ludovico's arm, saying, "come, my son, you shall go with us to "Petersvale, where I shall present you a "brother who longs for an opportunity of "expressing his gratitude to you on your "sister Adeline's account. Besides, I don't "half like this Italian conversation, of "which I can comprehend but little; re-

"member

" member, I will allow no claims of mere " friendship to interfere with your duty to " your mother."

Ludovico, who had long loved Julia, although his unknown birth and dependent situation had never allowed him to declare his passion, wanted not persuasion to accept of an opportunity of being near her, and willingly accompanied Madame de Villeverde and Lady Petersvale to the castle.

CHAP. VII.

" The Deed was done,
" When Churchyards yawn, and Hell itself breathes out
" Contagion to this World."

LUDOVICO, not yet twenty, of the middle size, but admirably proportioned, with a countenance, in which the grave dignity of an Englishman was happily mingled with the expressive and animated intelligence of Italian features, received the thanks of Lord Petersvale, and the compliments of the Baron de Beauval, with that noble humility which is inseparable from enlightened and virtuous minds.

Lord Petersvale, a generous and worthy young man, accompanied his thanks on Adeline's

Adeline's account with unfeigned assurances of his friendship and best services.

Beauval, on the contrary, amidst a profusion of French compliments and French affectation, eyed Ludovico askance, and began to entertain an absurd suspicion, that this handsome youth might in the end be rewarded with the hand of the lady whose life he had preserved. In Adeline he every day discovered new charms; and treated her with a tenderness which he really felt, and which Adeline herself gratefully returned, considering him as Julien's father. This the Baron looked upon as direct encouragement, and began to imagine himself incapable of living without the possession of this charming person; her estate in Normandy he had long greedily desired, but herself he now determined at any hazard to obtain. Julien was an obstacle which he thought himself possessed of the means of removing without difficulty or blame, and as Adeline received

his passionate protestations of admiration and affection with so much sweetness, he fancied he need only declare himself to be accepted.

Sir Frederic Plume seized the moment that the Baron had done speaking, to draw the young stranger's attention to himself.

"In quality of an intimate friend of this "family," said Sir Frederic, "and as a wit-"ness of the activity and courage of which "you gave so generous a proof the other "day, allow me also to assure you, Sir, of "my most perfect esteem."

Ludovico bowed, but replied not, as Sir Frederic continued speaking.

"Your own merit alone," added the Baronet, "could not fail to engage the admi-"ration of all who beheld it."

Ludovico

Ludovico again bowed, and would have interrupted this string of commendation.

"But," continued Sir Frederic, waving his hand, "you are not a little indebted to "Miss Fitzhubert, who by giving us your "history, has interested us all, and myself "in particular, in your welfare. Mr. Dor- "mer, I believe, was an English mer- "chant?"

"He was, Sir," replied Ludovico.

"It is strange, that after saving you from "perishing in a lonely cottage, on the "shores of Italy, and telling every body he "designed to make you his heir, he should "leave you only fifteen hundred pounds."

Ludovico looked displeased.

Sir Frederic, mistaking the cause, added, "Miss Fitzhubert is not to blame in men-

" tioning that circumstance, for Mrs. Dor-
" mer, it seems, takes particular care to de-
" clare it every where.

Ludovico, wondering where this harangue would end, listened without interrupting him.

" I say," continued Sir Frederic, " consi-
" dering the good character Mr. Dormer
" bore, it is surprising he should content
" himself with leaving you so paltry a
" sum !"

Ludovico felt himself insulted by this parading speech, but the rest of the company accustomed to his long and tedious discourses, paid him no attention, and were divided into conversation parties amongst themselves.

The Count di Rozarno, who spoke English with difficulty, although he understood

it

it perfectly, had placed himself near Ludovico, in order to talk to him in his own language, which he found that youth spoke fluently and with purity.

Ludovico turned towards the Count, tired of what he thought Sir Frederic's impertinence, but the Baronet persevered in demanding his attention.

"This neglect of Mr. Dormer, I myself," continued he, "have endeavoured to re-"medy, in a way, which, my young friend, "will secure your interest, without shock-"ing your delicacy. My friend, Lord Ter-"rasfort, is appointed ambassador from our "court to the King of Naples; he sets out "shortly for Italy, I myself design to ac-"company him, and will procure for you, in "case you do me the honour to accept it, "the post of his private secretary." "No "thanks," exclaimed Sir Frederic, seeing Ludovico, with a look of surprise and

joy, about to speak, "would you accept "the place?"

"Most gratefully," replied Ludovico, "and I beg you will allow me to assure "you"—

"I will hear no thanks," interrupted Sir Frederic, "they are due only to Miss Fitz-"hubert."

Luckily Julia was in a distant part of the room, for Ludovico felt her goodness too deeply to leave him the power of thanking her; and indeed for this appointment he was not at all indebted to her, for it was the last piece of service she would have thought of rendering him, and she had been wondering within herself what could be the subject of so long a conversation.

Julia had been too much alarmed to give Madame de Villeverde the information which

which she so eagerly requested, when they first saw Ludovico, and afterwards felt that awkward fear which love occasions of trusting oneself to speak of the object beloved. She had however afterwards resolved upon communicating his unfortunate situation to the party at Petersvale, among whom, she knew, there were some, who from regard to merit, independent of their obligation to him, would, upon knowing him, become his friends.

Love, when it allowed Julia to speak, did more, it rendered her eloquent; she painted in the strongest colours the misfortune of his disappointment. "Mr. Dormer," said she, "a man, whose estate was said to be "three thousand a year, had educated this "youth as his heir; he died, and Ludovico, "instead of coming into possession of a "considerable fortune, as every one ex-"pected," added Julia, blushing, "found "from a will which Mrs. Dormer produced,

" that his benefactor, who had for so many " years sheltered him in his bosom, had cast " him again upon the world, with only fif- " teen hundred pounds to depend upon ; " which Mrs. Dormer has the insolence to " say her husband ought not to have given " him."

Julia rejoiced that she had succeeded in engaging her friends in behalf of Ludovico ; but was infinitely chagrined, upon finding afterwards that her success had so far outran her expectations, and when Ludovico modestly approached her to return his thanks for procuring him so agreeable an appointment ;

She peevishly replied, " you might have found others much more agreeable."

" Pardon me, Madam," said Ludovico, " it may afford me n opportunity of dis- " covering my family, and the Count di

" Rozarno,

" Rozarno, to whom my Italian name is " familiar, has promised me his assistance " to direct my enquiries."

Julia, pleased with this possibility, congratulated him upon it, with much more good nature; and Adeline, who had just made her escape from the Baron, came to join them.

Beauval, placing himself upon a sopha near Madame de Villeverde, enquired, when he should have the honour of informing her of the circumstances which had occasioned Julien's journey to Marseilles.

" This evening, in my dressing-room," replied the lady, " but I suppose his return " is now not very distant ?"

" Pardon me," replied the Baron; " Ju- " lien, though innocent, is an impostor;

" he has no claims upon me, and will re-
" turn no more to Beauval."

Madame de Villeverde, in the utmost amazement, pronounced emphatically, Baron !

" I do not intend to desert him utterly," continued Beauval, " upon condition that " he immediately becomes a Knight of " Malta."

" A Knight of Malta !" exclaimed Isabelle.

" This conversation," resumed the Baron, " I would have avoided, as I knew it would " give you pain. Here is a confession of " Reginald, written previous to his death, " which he richly deserved to meet with in " the manner he did. Take it, Madam, it " will supersede the necessity of all farther " explanation."

Madame

Madame Villeverde received it trembling, and hurried with the papers to her own apartment.

The Confession of Reginald.

" I die—O Beauval, my injured brother! " in death forgive me!—I loved Rohesia— " Julien is my son—I came to take him to— " but heaven has—the Baroness!"

" Here, my Lord," continued Augustin in his letter to the Baron, " the Chevalier " fainted, and I was compelled to recall the " surgeon and attendants. He afterwards " spoke little, except begging pardon of " heaven and blessing his son. Julien is " entirely ignorant of this unhappy dis- " covery, but I could not dispense with the " solemn promise, which the Chevalier " Reginald previously extorted from me, of " communicating his confession to you, de- " pending," he said, " upon your generosity

"for the fate of the child. This secret, "my Lord, is buried in my bosom, and "can never transpire."

"By heaven, 'tis false!" cried Madame de Villeverde, as she finished the writing, "and thou, Beauval, art a villain!" Recollection crowded fast upon her; they pointed out to her that Beauval loved her daughter, and aimed at the possession of her Norman estate, from which she drew a sudden conclusion that he had forged this paper, for the purpose of removing his son. Isabelle, who knew her daughter's passion for Julien was become a part of her existence, and that her life depended upon their union, boldly resolved at once, that this confession, which she really believed to be a forgery, should not prevent it.

The evening being cold, there was a fire in her dressing-room; she sent for the Baron, who upon his entrance saw the only

proof

proof of the illegitimacy of Julien expiring in its flames.

"'Tis thus," said Isabelle, indignantly fixing her eyes upon him, "that I would "extirpate the author of so senseless and "infamous a forgery. Rohesia! the lovely "Rohesia! was chaste! and her character "shall not be traduced by you, or the vil-"lainous priest who has dared to assert "falsehoods so execrable."

Beauval, utterly confounded by the violence of this accusation, was speechless. Isabelle loudly declared him guilty.

The Baron, laying his hand upon his bosom, solemnly protested his innocence; in proof of which he added so many specious arguments, that after a long conversation Isabelle began to give way, and pretended at least to believe him. "However, "you can have no objection, Baron," said she,

she, "to keep this matter secret, at least "for a time; I fear my daughter's health "will be injured by this disgraceful dis- "covery."

"For Julien's sake, as well as Mademoi- "selle Adeline's, I wish it to be a secret, "until Julien shall be admitted among the "Knights of Malta."

Madame de Villeverde appeared satisfied, and they parted for the night.

Isabelle, left to her own reflections, found herself in a labyrinth of perplexity, from which she saw no means of escaping. Of the innate excellence of Rohesia's disposition, she had never for a moment entertained a doubt. Her modest manners and open countenance were such, as hypocrisy, however well supported by cunning and depravity, could never, she thought, have assumed, neither could she assign any rea-

son

son for Reginald's blasting the character of a woman whom he had loved, and who was dead. For Isabelle, who had never herself deviated from the paths of virtue, could not form to herself any idea, that the terrors of conscience alone could occasion so useless and so very ungenerous a discovery. The impression recurred to her mind, with redoubled force, that it was altogether a forgery of the Baron's. His character, at best, she knew to be equivocal, yet his former affection for Julien could not be doubted; she had often witnessed the strength of it upon various occasions. However, should the Baron persist in disowning Julien, she knew but of one expedient, and that a desperate one, of preventing him from disclaiming his son; if he did so, Isabelle, although of a generous nature, was of too haughty a spirit to permit an alliance between a daughter of her house, and an outcast without a fortune, a home, or even a name.

"No,

'No, no," said Isabelle firmly, "Julien "is as amiable as he is unfortunate, but my "daughter must think no more of him."

While she was speaking, Adeline entered the dressing-room. Isabelle saw her countenance overspread with melancholy, and demanded the cause.

"Oh, Madam," replied Adeline, "Va- "lini has shocked me exceedingly; she has "relapsed again into the same melancholy "disorder, which has so often excited your "pity, and has been entreating me, if ever "I loved her, to return with her to Ville- "verde, she hopes, she says, that when she "has regained her solitude, her beloved so- "litude, she shall be more herself. Trem- "bling and starting at the least noise, she "is perpetually clasping a crucifix to her "bosom, and entreating, that through the "intercession of the Virgin she may be "pardoned."

"The

"The cause of her sorrows," replied Isabelle, "shall be for ever sacred from our "enquiries; we have been many years wit- "nessess of her innocence and exemplary "life; and you, my Adeline, are too much "indebted to her to refuse such a request."

"I will ingenously confess, my dear mo- "ther," replied Adeline, blushing, "that "her request is most agreeable to me, and "I have no merit whatever, in readily com- "plying with it."

Isabelle knew that her daughter alluded to the return of Julien, which she had now reason shortly to expect, and she beheld with pain the animation which brightened upon her countenance in the anticipation of that return.

"Julien," said Isabelle, musing, "is an "amiable youth, and has every qualification "to engage the heart."

"You

"You seem to read the thoughts of your "poor girl," said Adeline, looking affectionately upon her mother.

Isabelle replied only by a faint smile; this proof of her daughter's true affection for Julien, though not at all uncommon, much affected her. She saw all her prospects of future happiness by a strange unexpected event suddenly blasted; she looked forward to the ravages, which this discovery, that must take place ere long, would make in a constitution always extremely delicate. She beheld the lovely form of her amiable Adeline fading within the grasp of despair. The imagination, ever more ready to present gloomy pictures, than those of joy, led her on to that moment when she might see this child of her heart descend to the silent grave, the victim of disappointed love. Alas! no, thought Isabelle, I cannot sacrifice her to false honour and general opinion,

if indeed Petersvale can be brought to consent.—

At that moment the door of the apartment softly opened, and Valini entering, stopped in the middle of the room, exactly before Madame de Villeverde; she was dressed as usual in a habit very much resembling those of the white nuns; she had hung a rosary at her girdle, and held a small crucifix in her left hand.

"She died," said Valini, solemnly, "and "you know it grieved me, but I did not "kill her! Oh blessed Virgin," added she, clasping her hands together, "I thank thee, "that thou hast saved me from unavailing "repentance!"

Adeline, in tears, led her to a chair, and Isabelle, struck with the coincidence of Valini's solemn address with her own thoughts, found herself incapable of exerting

ing the influence she had over Valini, which usually restored her to her recollection, and gazed at her in silence.

Adeline, kissing Valini's hand, promised if she would be composed, that they should immediately return together to Villeverde.

"At the foot of my altar," replied Valini, "I am always composed; the Virgin and "St. Mary Magdalen pass whole mornings "with me there, for all it is so near the "château."

Isabelle, recollecting herself, desired that Valini would retire to her apartment. The unhappy Italian, accustomed to obey her, arose to depart.

"My dear Valini, we will retire to our "repose," said Adeline.

"I am very composed," replied Valini, looking

looking upon Madame de Villeverde, and courtesying as she passed her, left the room.

The struggle between shame and affection was too strong for the feeble constitution of Valini to support. Her health declined very fast, and although on the following morning her usual solemn composure and mildly benevolent air returned, yet she continued to urge her request to Adeline, that they might return to Villeverde.

"I shall not live long," said she, tenderly regarding Adeline, "and I would close my "eyes in that quiet retirement, which your "mother's goodness has so many years "afforded me. You know not, my Adeline, "how I have struggled to get through the "fortnight which we have passed here; in-"deed a repetition of such scenes will kill "me."

"My best and dearest friend," replied Adeline,

Adeline, "you shall not be compelled to "stay any longer; our yatch, you know, "is always ready; we will embark to-mor- "row, but as the Count di Rozarno is about "to leave England, on his return to Italy, "we may avail ourselves of his protection."

"Oh! no, no," said Valini, in a hurrying manner, "worlds should not tempt me "to be seen by the Count!"

Adeline, to whom similar objections from Valini to different people were not at all unusual, acquiesced. Her own ardent wishes to see her lover, laid asleep all her woman's fears of returning, as he came, with no other attendance than her three men servants, of whom one was the house steward of Villeverde; and Isabelle herself, well acquainted with this man's tried fidelity, had the most perfect dependance upon his protection of her daughter.

The

The time which Lady Petersvale had appointed for going to France was not yet arrived; and it was impossible to alter it, on account of her guests, of whom several still remained; and she besought Madame de Villeverde to stay with her until their departure.

Isabelle, who resolved to keep the Baron de Beauval in England, and saw that Adeline's melancholy on account of Julien's absence rendered her utterly unfit for society, regarded her departure with pleasure; believing she possessed the means of compelling the Baron to bury the secret of Julien's birth in oblivion, and conclude the marriage between their children. She saw difficulties, but her esteem for that youth induced her to hope they were not insuperable, unless indeed he had already taken the vows of celibacy enjoined to the Maltese Knights. She had written instantly upon the communication of Reginald's confession,

to

to the Chevalier Sainville, whom she believed was then at Malta, to prevent Julien's taking the vows at present; assuring him that she regarded the confession as a forgery of the Baron's, and that she should take measures immediately to discover the truth.

When Beauval was informed of Adeline's departure, who had taken leave of no one excepting her brother and sister, he could not conceal his displeasure. Isabelle pleaded in excuse for the abruptness of it, the peculiar situation of Valini.

"And is a governante," replied the Baron, haughtily, "to be preferred to all the rest "of her friends?"

Isabelle, who had the most perfect and generous friendship for Valini, retorted with pointed indignation, "That governante, Baron, of whom you are pleased to speak

so

" so contemptuously, is a woman of quality, " who adds lustre to her nobility by her " merit and her virtues. There are others, " who tarnish their's by upstart arrogance, " which, believe me, ill conceals their real " insignificance."

The Baron, although stung by this repartee, stifled his vexation; and palliating his rudeness by alledging his grief for the loss of Adeline's society, which had extorted from him an unintentional expression of disrespect to the lady who had occasioned it; he led Isabelle to a seat in the garden, in which they were walking, and begged to have the honour of a private conversation. He paraded a long while with great hypocrisy about his grief for the loss of Rohesia, and painted to Isabelle the unhappiness which her evident partiality for Reginald had occasioned him. He then lamented the fatal discovery which deprived him of

Julien, "that boy," continued he, "was "ever the darling of my soul."

"How then," interrupted Isabelle, "can "you have the cruelty to ruin him, and "break his heart?"

"Surely, Madam," replied the Baron, "it cannot be expected that I should consi- "der him any longer as my son?"

I no not see any material objections against your doing so," said the Countess, "he is at any rate your nearest, and except "myself your only relation."

"Pardon me," rejoined Beauval, "he "will in that case inherit my title, in pre- "judice of any other children."

"Any other children!" repeated Isabelle scornfully. "Julien is certainly your son; "and if he really loves my daughter, you "may

"may be assured that he shall not tamely "resign his birth-right. You have no "proofs, except the confession which I have "burnt; and which, I must tell you plainly, "I do not believe to have been that of Re-"ginald."

"Do you doubt my honour and veracity, "Madam?" said the Baron, angrily.

"I suspect," retorted Isabelle, with a glance of contempt, "that paper to have "been a forgery. I hope your honour is not "affected by that suspicion?"

"Madam!" exclaimed the Baron, "you "do not surely believe me capable"—

"Let us understand each other," said the Countess, looking intently upon his countenance, "you remember the chamber "at the end of the north gallery of the châ-"teau de Beauval?"

The Baron regarded her with mute surprise.

"You may recollect also a conversation "which you held there with a Jew pedlar, "on the night preceding the death of the "unfortunate Rohesia."

The Baron turned pale; Isabelle observed him carefully.

"This is sufficient," added she, "I shall "investigate this subject no further; I can- "not recall the past, or restore the dead, by "wreaking vengeance on the living."

The Baron, in great agitation, replied not a word, and would have left her.

"Stay," cried Isabelle, seizing his arm, "your safety depends upon your secrecy, "and I make Julien's interest the condition "of mine. I have strong proofs, but shall "not

"not produce them, unless your obstinacy "in disowning your son rouses my ven- "geance. *You know me*, Baron," (added she) relinquishing his arm, and turning from him.

Beauval, amazed and confounded, was incapable of reply; he saw his very life was in her power. All the diabolical passions of his soul were roused; gnashing his teeth, he cast a glance upon her, in which rage, disappointment, fear, shame, and revenge were mingled in terrible expression.

"Yes, I know thee, Isabelle!" he mut- "tered. "I know too where you are most "vulnerable, and will take a sweet and deep "revenge."

He had demanded a private conference with Madame de Villeverde, in order to propose himself as a husband to her daughter, since Julien he thought was now

out of the question. From Adeline he expected no difficulties; his immoderate vanity had led him to think she regarded him very favourably; from Isabelle, he had expected only the opposition of a disappointed woman, whom he had certainly given good reasons to number among her own admirers, but he hoped to sooth her pride, and flatter her into acquiescence. These hopes were now utterly at an end. The Baron was however too deeply initiated in the school of villany to despair of compleating his designs: he saw indeed that the method must now be varied, but calculated that final success was nevertheless certain. As he recovered his composure, his fears for his own personal safety began to subside. It was every way the interest of Isabelle not to expose her own relation, and the father of her daughter's intended husband, to a disgraceful death; but he bitterly cursed his own foolish weakness in suffering the Jew to live, whose information, he had no doubt,

had

had put him so much in the power of Madame de Villeverde.

Isabelle, who had taken a bold step upon little more than suspicion, found those suspicions confirmed by the apprehensions she saw excited in the Baron.

Some weeks after the death of Rohesia, she had taken into her own service the principal chambermaid of the Baroness. Among other particulars relative to the sudden death of the Baroness, Agnes had informed her, that on the evening preceding the death of her lady, she had heard persons whispering in the north gallery chamber; this circumstance was a matter of no surprise to her then, as all the château at that time was kept as quiet as possible, and this apartment was very near the one in which the Baroness slept. Rohesia died early in the morning; she herself had watched by the corps all day; at night, having had occasion to cross

that chamber in her way to the great stairs, she passed the door of the Baron's dressing-room, where she again heard some person speaking in a low voice; and stopping a moment at the door, distinctly heard the words, "she must be buried immediately, other-"wise it will appear." Another voice said, anxiously, "there is somebody passing "through the gallery." Agnes, dreading to be caught in posession of such a dangerous secret, hurried back again through another passage, and saw through a door, which was a little way open, the Chevalier Reginald, sitting in deep meditation, his head reclined against the wainscot. A few minutes afterwards the Baron himself came, and dismissing her and Cicely who were with the corps, locked the doors of the apartment and took away the keys. Agnes was not certain that it was the Baron himself who had spoken in the dressing-room, since the apartment in which Reginald was sitting communicated with it; and upon

passing

passing through the cloister, in her way to the servants' hall, after the Baron had dismissed her from her mistress's chamber, she saw the Chevalier hurrying a Jew pedlar, who sometimes came to the château, out at a private door. Therefore, said Agnes, when she gave Madame de Villeverde this account, the whisperers might have been the Chevalier and the Jew; but, then, the Baron came immediately, and locked up my Lady's chamber.

It was upon this information, that Isabelle had desperately grounded an indirect charge of crimination, which the Baron's paleness and confusion had convinced her was not without foundation.

On the following morning, Sir Frederic Plume took his leave of Lord and Lady Petersvale, and set off for London, accompanied by Ludovico, whom he had promised to introduce to Lord Terrasfort, who was

expected to leave England immediately, in order to proceed to Naples.

The Baron offered to accompany them to town, alledging that he had business which called him to that capital, before he returned to his château.

Madame de Villeverde was surprised at the arrangement, but supposing it was merely to avoid the presence of a person acquainted with his crimes, she did not oppose it, and only observed that as the Baron had escorted her to England, she expected to have the benefit of his protection on her return to France.

The Baron assured her he should not fail to come again to Petersvale, to procure himself the honour of attending her.

Isabelle, who had no other design than that of keeping him in England, made no further

further opposition; but rather rejoiced to get rid of two tedious fops, who she knew, though of different characters, to be equally worthless and despicable. She knew the world well enough to investigate the secret motives of ostentation which induced Sir Frederic to offer his protection to Ludovico; she had seen enough of that youth, to know, that he would spurn the Baronet when he should become more acquainted with him; and a regard for Ludovico's interest, prevented her from discovering to him the opinion she entertained of Sir Frederic's character. She knew Lord Terrasfort was capable of generous and disinterested friendship, and with discernment to appreciate, had sufficient power to reward the merit of Ludovico.

Madame de Villeverde, sending for that youth before his departure, said, "My dear "Ludovico, when I took upon myself the "character of your mother, I did not

"mean to pay you a senseless compliment, "and I now tell you seriously, that you "will make me very unhappy unless you "will allow me to act as if I were such in "reality."

Ludovico replied in the accents of the warmest gratitude.

"We have but few moments, my son," said Isabelle, "let us employ them to ad- "vantage; here is an order upon my banker "for"—

Ludovico interrupted her, saying, "Par- "don me, Madam, I really at present do "not want money."

"Don't mortify and disappoint me with "fanciful scruples," said the Countess, a little angrily.

"I would not, my dear mother," replied Ludovico,

Ludovico, smiling; "but I have a thousand "pounds in ready money, which is much "more than is requisite in my present "situation."

"You will give me your word of honour, "then, that when you find it necessary "you will draw upon me according to this "address," (putting a card into his hand.)

"I will," replied Ludovico, hesitatingly.

"Here is," continued Madame de Villeverde, "a letter to Lord Terrasfort. I "would not have you under any obligation "to Sir Frederic. His Lordship will, I am "sure, give you the appointment upon my "account solely."

Ludovico was suprised, but took the letter; and Isabelle, seeing the Baron and Sir Frederic waiting in the court, embraced him, and bid him adieu.

CHAP. VIII.

"Fixing his Eyes upon the sullen Earth."

JULIEN, in the midst of the various and beautiful scenery which he passed in his long journey through France, could not shake off the remembrance, which haunted him perpetually, of the mysterious person whose appearance he had witnessed in the vaults of the château de Beauval. He could not chace rom his mind the idea that this figure was the shade of his deceased uncle. He might then have declared, thought Julien, that I am his son; the wretchedness which that certainty would have occasioned me, cannot exceed the misery of my present suspicions. Whether it could or not, he was, unknown to himself, fated shortly to experience.

As

As he approached Marseilles, he looked forward with anxiety to an interview with the ancient and respectable friend of his uncle, the Chevalier Sainville; in whose bosom he intended to confide his present sorrows. Panting with the heats of Provence, he caught at length a distant view of the sea, and almost immediately also the refreshing breeze of the little wind called la Bise, which blows from nine in the morning until evening, wafting on its wings the soft perfume of the orange and lemon trees, with which and abundance of olives this country is covered. Drawing nearer to the city, and seeing the numerous gallies in the harbour, he determined as soon as he had secured lodgings, to hasten thither in search of Sainville, who, he was informed as he passed through Paris, had a command in one of them.

The Chevalier received him with the affection of a father; and leaving the galley, returned

returned with him to his lodgings in the city, anxiously enquiring what had occasioned the great alteration in his appearance, and the profound melancholy which he perceived had seized him.

Julien informed him of the cause of his journey, and of every circumstance which had happened at the château.

They were seated during the conversation in an obscure corner of the room, which obliged Sainville to rise and go to the window, in order to read the Baron's letters. The first paper he opened was a copy of Reginald's confession; the other a letter from the Baron, disclaiming Julien as his son, and desiring Sainville would persuade him to become a Knight of Malta, and take the necessary steps for his admission into that Order; upon which condition only, the Baron promised to keep the disgraceful circumstances

cumstances of his birth a secret from the world.

Notwithstanding all the suspicions with which Julian had tormented himself respecting Reginald, this proof of his being actually the son of the Chevalier appeared a calamity so new, so amazing, that the unfortunate youth sunk under it. The letter fell from his hands. The paleness of death overspread his countenance, an universal shuddering shook his whole frame, he staggered towards the good old Sainville for support, but before he reached him, fell upon the floor.

The Chevalier alarmed, called for assistance. Sylvio, who was waiting in an antichamber, ran towards his beloved master, and with the assistance of Sainville, seated him near a window. The youth continued insensible, and the damps of death seemed gathering fast upon his forehead.

The

The poor Chevalier imprecated a thousand curses upon his own folly, in shewing Julien his father's letter.

"The brutal Baron," cried he, "to re-"serve such a discovery for me to commu-"nicate!" He dispatched messengers for physicians; but they did not arrive. The landlady of the hotel advised that the young gentleman should be put to bed. The Chevalier, who caught at every thing, assisted instantly in conveying him thither.

A surgeon entering, Sainville drew him almost with violence towards the bed. "I fear I am his murderer," he cried; "save "him if you can, and I will for ever bless "you."

The surgeon having bled the Chevalier, he again began to breathe, and after a long-drawn sigh, feebly uttered, "Rohesia!—"my mother!—oh! horrible!"—A moment after

after he began to call upon Adeline, whose name he repeated incessantly, and with the utmost rapidity.

"Ah, my poor unfortunate boy!" exclaimed Sainville, who was no stranger to Lady Adeline or the connection which had so long subsisted between them.

Julien now became more composed, but covering his face with his hands uttered the words, "shame! shame! lost for ever!"

Sainville, dismissing every body from the chamber, seated himself in silence beside his young friend's bed, wisely concluding that to offer consolation at present would be very unseasonable.

The Chevalier had sat with the kindest patience for two hours in silence, when, opening the curtains, he addressed an enquiry about his health to the unfortunate Julien.

Julien. The youth made no reply, but looking stedfastly upon him, raised his finger to his mouth, in token of silence.

"There is no one near," said Sainville, supposing Julien feared they might be overheard.

Julien again placed his finger upon his mouth, all the while regarding the Chevalier with a strange look of enquiry.

"There is no one near," repeated Sainville.

"Yes, yes, yes, yes, rapidly uttered Julien; then stretching his arm out of the bed, he seized upon that of the Chevalier.

"What means my boy?" demanded Sainville.

"Hush! hush!" said Julien, with terror,

"see

"see! see! that light! how solemnly it "moves!"

"What light?" enquired Sainville.

"See! there! there! it sinks!"

"Where?" said the Chevalier, "I see no "light."

"In that coffin," replied Julien, earnestly pointing upon the floor.

Sainville now with surprise and sorrow perceived that his senses were gone. "My "dear Julien," said the good old man, "recollect yourself, we are quite alone."

"Alone," repeated Julien catching the word from him, "Ah! alone and dark—the wind too so very loud—and then that sigh!"

Sainville again endeavoured to reason with

with him; but Julien, without regarding him, said, "Look there! it passes through "the arch!" His eyes seemed slowly to follow some object; at length withdrawing them, he added, "Ah, 'twas there I dropped "my sword!"

The Chevalier, affected to tears, looked with tender pity upon the fine countenance of his young friend, his eyes sparkling with agitation, and his cheeks glowing with the fever that had seized him. Julien still continued talking incoherently, and now, like a person in darkness, seemed feeling his way through obscurity.

The Chevalier, thinking it was in search of him, took his hand; but Julien snatched his away with precipitation, shuddering as if a serpent had touched him; and uttering in a suppressed tone, as if afraid to speak loud,

"That

"That cold, cold hand again!"

The surgeon returned in the evening; and in answer to the Chevalier's eager enquiries, told him plainly he could not flatter him; that the youth was certainly in great danger. "I perceive," continued the surgeon, "by the exclamations he has uttered, "that it is a sudden distress of mind; and "unless you can remove the cause, the "only chance of restoring him is to change "his abode often, and endeavour to fix his "attention by new objects."

Sainville resolved to obey implicitly the directions of the surgeon, and not to quit the uufortunate Julien, at least before his senses were restored. Long and patiently he witnessed, day after day, the same incoherent expressions, which pierced the good old man's heart. Sometimes Julien tenderly called upon his mother to come and save him; then pathetically besought Adeline

line not to forsake him. At length these exclamations ceased, and a profound melancholy succeeded them.

Alas! thought Sainville, as he mournfully contemplated the orphan and desolate object of his protection, but yesterday, grace and dignity dwelt on his noble brow, joy sparkled in his eyes, and happiness and health animated his youthful countenance. Where is now that roseate bloom? where the penetrating glance of sensible intelligence? In that emaciated countenance, in those eyes sunk and fixed, in this prostrate and enfeebled figure, do I behold the amiable, the all accomplished Chevalier de Montalville, afflicted, diseased, and abandoned! "Poor, "poor boy!" added Sainville, while his tears almost impeded his utterance, "I will "be to thee in place of a father, and will "never forsake thee."

CHAP. IX.

"Call you these Peals of Thunder?—
"They seem to me
"The World's last Groans, and those vast Sheets of Flame
"Are its last Blaze."

THE physicians whom the Chevalier daily consulted advised him to take Julien into the bustle of the city, in order to rouse his recollection. The youth followed him readily, but uttered not a word in reply to any thing, nor seemed to take the smallest notice of the almost infinite variety of objects, which surrounded him in the port of Marseilles.

Another week passed, and Sainville began to despair of ever seeing his reason re-

stored; when having led him into the country one evening, while a cool and refreshing breeze blew from the sea, Julien suddenly relinquished the arm of Sainville, on which he usually leaned, and running towards an olive tree, broke off a small branch, which he as hastily returned with, and presenting it to the Chevalier,

"'Tis an emblem of peace," said he: "Peace should make men happy; but," added he, with a long drawn sigh, "there "is no peace for me!"

Sainville, pleased to hear at length a regular sentence, so different from his usual incoherences, replied, "Yes, my dear boy, "you shall be at peace."

"Where," demanded Julien with earnestness. "You shall become one of us, "and retire to Malta," replied Sainville.

Julien,

Julien, in a voice of trouble and confusion, answered, "No, not to Malta, I will "not go to Malta."

Sainville, who anxiously wished to fix his attention upon some particular object, which might occupy it, demanded where he wished to go?

Julien, looking full in his face, but at the same time cautiously retreating from him, gazed upon him stedfastly, with a look of examination, which seemed endeavouring to recollect him; at last he said, "I have no claims; are you not, my Lord "the Baron?"

"No," replied the Chevalier, "I am "your friend Sainville."

"Then you will let me go," said Julien, joyfully.

"Where?" demanded the Chevalier.

"To find my peace."

"Poor boy!" we will seek it together," said Sainville, and was leading towards the road in order to return to Marseilles.

"'Tis buried," said Julien, mournfully.

The Chevalier, very much affected by the remediless sorrow of his young friend, replied not.

"'Tis buried," said Julien again, as if to demand his attention, "'tis buried in "Sicily."

"You shall go there, my dear Julien," said Sainville, who reflected that the voyage, though to answer no other purpose, might amuse him. The amiable manners of Julien, his sweetness of temper, and above all, his

his desolate state and his misfortunes, had gained the esteem and affection of the good old Knight; he loved him as his child, and considering him as cast entirely upon his protection, benevolently resolved to gratify him to the utmost of his power; and hoped, that from Sicily he might be induced to pass to Malta, and when he should be familiar with the Knights and their manner of living, would become one of their number without reluctance.

In the mean time Sainville perceived with pleasure, that Julien began gradually to recover his reason. They walked daily together upon the shore; sometimes Sainville took him on board the galley in which he had a command, but Julien was always anxious to leave it, pitying the fate of so many miserables, chained for life to the laborious oar, which was a sight not at all calculated to soothe the sorrows of his own unhappy mind. Julien's disposition was

not of that selfish kind which gains an increase of its own happiness, by comparing it with the misery of others.

Although Montalville's senses were now completely restored, he still neglected his appearance, with that indifference natural to persons who have been disappointed in all their hopes, and see nothing before them but despair.

The time fixed for his return to Villeverde had long been past. The Baron had positively prohibited his ever appearing again in Normandy. To what purpose should I now appear there, thought Julien. I am not so mean as to force myself upon the notice of Lady Adeline, in order to avail myself of some remains of tenderness which she my retain for me. A daughter of the noble house of Villeverde is a prize far above the hopes of an outcast adventurer.

The

The order of Malta now appeared an asylum every way desirable. "Why!" exclaimed Montalville, "should I hesitate at "the vow of celibacy; Adeline will ever "possess my heart; she is lost to me for "ever, and celibacy will now be my choice." He felt however an unconquerable aversion to taking the vows, and indeed to visit Malta at all. Hope, the enchantress Hope, trampling upon probability, and raising her head amidst the clouds of disappointment and misfortune, faintly sketched a confused picture of future happiness.

The fertile and charming island of Sicily beckoned him to its smiling plains, and promised in its spicy bowers the soft shelter of peace and tranquillity. Julien hoped there, in solitude and uninterrupted reflection, to blunt by degrees the keen poignancy of his present sorrows, and in the contemplation of the solemn scenes and awful phenomena of Mount Etna to raise

his heart and mind from earthly attachment, and fix them only upon God; when the becoming a member of a religious order, would perhaps be the desire of his heart.

Of Adeline he strove not to think, alas how vainly! Her beautiful weeping figure was perpetually before him. He thought that he owed both to her and himself that they should mutually forget such persons had ever existed. Often he wished to write her a last farewell, but ever found himself unequal to the attempt.

Weakened by disease and melancholy, he usually passed the heat of the day reclined upon a sopha in his apartment. It was in those moments of meditation, that hope and his more eager wishes, sometimes led him to think that the Baron might have been deceived; and that he might yet again be restored to his rank and to Adeline. Upon those occasions, going to a large mirror, he would

would endeavour to trace some resemblance between his own features and those of the Baron; he examined the turn of his countenance, his air, his mien; reflected upon his gestures; but this examination constantly concluded in despair, and some additional discovery of resemblance to Reginald. His high and manly figure, his free aud unembarrassed air, and the tone of his voice utterly unlike those of the Baron, resembled those of Reginald; and his countenance the express image of Rohesia. The heats of Provence had occasioned Sainville, during his malady, to take off every covering from his neck, that he might breathe more freely, and his hair flowing gracefully upon his face, rendered the likeness still more striking. Alas! thought Julien, I carry in my person proofs too unequivocal of this disgraceful truth; I am certainly the son of Reginald and Rohesia.

Sainville having now prepared every thing

for their voyage, proposed to coast along the shores of Italy, but Julien anxiously pressed him to sail directly for Sicily.

"My heart is fixed upon being in that "island; pardon me, my respected friend," continued he, "I am visionary, perhaps, "but I feel an impression upon my mind "that I shall again be restored to peace, if "not to happiness, when I find myself "fixed in some quiet Sicilian solitude. It "is common, you know, for those who are "in pain, to expect ease from change of "posture; may it not be as natural to the "unhappy, to expect it from change of "place, and may they not capriciously elect "one particular spot, in preference to all "others?"

Sainville kindly complied, and accordingly, as soon as the wind became fair, they went on board their little vessel, and set sail.

Sylvio,

Sylvio, who during the first days of the voyage, had been very unwell, began to recover, and was all joy, at the prospect of seeing a new country, skipping here, and capering there, demanding "what is this rope? and how do you call this line?" A surly sailor, molested by his importunate vivacity, roughly replied, "The puppy's halter."

"Well said, tiger-face," retorted Sylvio.

This repartee, which was applicable enough, raised a general laugh among the seamen, without offending the person who was the object of it, who offered Sylvio something to drink, in a dirty horn, and pledged him to their better acquaintance. The potion was not very inviting to a pampered valet; Sylvio however swallowed it down, that he might not make a breach in the new friendship which he was beginning

to form among the fraternity of the blue jacket.

The whole crew were in high spirits; the shores of Sicily were before them, and they hoped to make their port by nightfall. As the sun declined, the breeze blew fresher; they set all the sail they could carry, and congratulated each other upon their prosperous voyage; looking forward to a dance among the Sicilian peasants by moonlight.

How fallacious are all human expectations! The breeze, which had a moment before gladdened their hearts, increased to a violent gale. The clouds began to gather; the thunder rumbled at a distance; the face of the heavens, lately so tranquil and serene, lowered in terrible menaces of approaching destruction. The impetuosity of the wind drove them towards the shore with incredible rapidity. Sainville, collected though alarmed, stood upon the deck, giving the necessary

necessary directions. Julien, by his side, beheld the fury of the elements with a smile of resignation to the fate they threatened. Not so Sylvio, who creeping behind his master, called upon all the saints in Paradise, and St. Anthony in particular, for protection and deliverance.

The sun had set, and it had now become excessively dark; every yard of canvas was furled, and every effort exhausted, to prevent them from driving on the rocks, which were before them, visible at intervals in the broad and vivid flashes of lightning, and raising their threatening pinnacles amidst the agitated billows. The vast waves, bellowing and lashing the rocks, and foaming over them, the louder and more tremendous roaring of the thunder, the fervid blaze in which the vessel was each moment enveloped, all threatened inevitable destruction in every form of horror.

The

The pilot, on whom all now depended in their extremity, commanded that they should let go an anchor, to save them, if possible, from dashing upon the rocks. His order was instantly obeyed, with that alacrity which hope never fails to inspire; and at the same time numbers were heard crying,

"Nous sommes sauvés! nous sommes "sauvés!"

Julien, breathing a sigh to the memory of Adeline, raised his eyes to heaven, and addressed a prayer to the Almighty God of mercy to receive his soul; when suddenly the winds, which had for a moment suspended their rage and kept in awful stillness, burst upon them with redoubled fury, the raging of the sea encreased, the thunder in all parts of the heavens loudly crashed around him. A long tract of illumination shewed him in the despairing countenances of his fellow voyagers, that death, which he had

had so ardently wished for, now hastily approached him. Nature resumed her power, he shrunk from it; the sullen despair of his mind forsook him in a situation so perilous.

Sylvio, half dead with fear, had fallen upon the deck, clasping Julien's knees, and was not to be shaken off. Julien endeavoured to raise and re-assure him; and demanded continually of Sainville if there were any hopes? The good Chevalier, in the fury of the tempest, could not hear his enquiries; but Julien beholding, in the blazes of the lightening, the horrible paleness which disfigured his venerable countenance, read a confirmation of his fears too plainly.

Trembling, and half dead, Julien again called upon the Almighty, who stilleth the raging of the sea; while the crew set up a cry which seemed to pierce the heavens, and

in

in the intervals of the thunder was more terrible to Julien than itself. The cable, their only hope, had broken; it was vain longer to contend with the tempest. In an instant the vessel, rising on the back of an enormous wave, and as suddenly descending, struck upon the point of a rock. The sea beat over it. Julien, washed off the deck with part of the mast, which had before been broken, clung fast to it, floating upon the agitated waves, which at length darted him, half drowned, upon the shore. Recollecting his courage, however, and his remaining strength, he profited by the instant in which the wave retired, to climb up the rock, on which he was cast, and embracing it with all his strength, he was enabled to sustain the force of the returning wave, which in vain endeavoured to regain its victim; in this situation, pressing his bosom upon the rock, he discharged the salt water which he had swallowed; the confusion of his senses began to subside, he breathed out his soul in thanks

thanks to that great Being who had preserved him alone of all his companions. He still clung fast to a point of the cliff, hanging with his body across a cragged projection, not daring to alter his position, least a fall from his present place of security might replunge him into the sea which roared below, or dash him to pieces on the rocks beneath. His hair, of which he had great abundance, wet and fallen over his face, prevented him from examining his situation during the momentary illumination of the lightning.

The fury of the storm began at length to abate, the spray of the sea ceased to break over him, and the waves, he concluded, were retiring. The thunder was more faintly heard at a distance, and the moon, which had now risen above the storm, began to appear among the parting clouds.

Julien, having secured his position as well as

as he could, with one hand removed the hair from before his eyes, and saw that the rock upon which he was cast, was a vast fragment, which some convulsion of nature had separated from the main land, and scattered, together with numberless others of different sizes, along the coast; and with great difficulty and caution he descended upon the strand.

The wind still roared along the hollow cliffs, from which the sea was retiring, but in the pauses of the gale he imagined he heard the voice of some person at no great distance. He hastened towards the sound, but in his way stumbled over the body of one of his unfortunate fellow voyagers; he stooped down to examine his countenance, and recognized his faithful Sylvio, apparently dead; the moaning of some other unfortunate still continued. Julien ran forward, and saw Sainville leaning against a fragment of rock, in great agony.

"God

"God be praised," exclaimed Julien, joyfully, "my dear friend yet lives with me."

Sainville turned towards him, and joined in blessing Providence for their mutual preservation; informing Julien, as well as his pain would allow him, that when he was cast upon the shore by the wave, he had received a violent bruise upon his side, but hoped soon to recover himself and to crawl towards the land.

Julien ran back to Sylvio, and placing him across his knees, he discharged a great quantity of water, and by the unremitted endeavours of Julien, in the course of an hour, recovered his senses. Sainville had joined them, and the moon now shone in its greatest splendor, except when the scudding clouds, hastily passing before its disk, for a moment obscured its brightness.

The shipwrecked voyagers looked anxiously,

ly, but in vain, along the shore, and over the wide expanse of water, for their little vessel; it was no where to be seen, and Sainville entertained hopes that it had floated again from the rock, and that its little crew might yet be saved.

The two friends, followed by Sylvio, now slowly proceeded up the country, silent and melancholy, neither of them inclining to conversation, when at length they saw before them the arched entrance of a cavern.

"It may be," said Sainville, "the haun
"of banditti, with whom Sicily is at pre
"sent over-run; we must not venture to g
"in."

The travellers stood some moments silentl
contemplating the dark and gloomy arch.

"There are some persons within, Mon
"sieur," said Sylvio to Julien, "I he
"them talking."

Sainvil

Sainville and Julien listened attentively, but both agreed, that the sound proceeded from the rustling of the wind among the shrubs which grew round the mouth of the cavern. Faint and weary, Julien wished to enter, at any rate, and throw themselves upon the mercy of the people within, in case they should find any inhabitants.

Sainville replied, "that he had indeed often been assured by the Maltese, that the "Sicilian banditti, in the midst of their ferocity, made a point of doing good offices "to those who put themselves under their "protection; but it was an experiment, "which their present distressed situation "could alone justify them in trying; however," added the good Chevalier, "we "must conceal our poniards, and by no "means presume to appear before them "armed."

Sylvio said readily, "he would then throw "his away."

"No, no," said Sainville, in a low voice, and led on into the mouth of the cavern. Groping his way along for sometime in darkness, he at last stopped, and calling aloud in the Sicilian dialect, demanded if any one was within the vault. His voice was echoed and re-echoed among the rocks, and ceased in a long drawn distant murmur. "This place is uninhabited by human be-"ings," said Sainville, (after he had repeated his efforts to awaken any persons, who might be asleep within, and received no reply) "and it appears," added he, "to be "very extensive; let us go forward."

"I see a light," whispered Sylivo, taking hold of Sainville's arm, in order to stop him.

The Chevalier observed it also, but making no reply, went on. Upon turning round a sharp angle in the rock, they discovered that the light proceeded from the moon,

moon, which darting a bright beam through a clift in the top of a vault, illuminated a small grotto nearly circular, the floor of which was covered with dry leaves that had fallen, from time to time, through the aperture above.

The shipwrecked travellers were very thankful to Providence for this comfortable asylum; and Sylvio, in particular, profusely grateful to St. Dennis, who he did not doubt had, in consequence of his prayers and vows, conducted them to this grotto. Sainville and Julien, far from disputing Sylvio's claims to that Saint's peculiar protection, overcome by fatigue, threw themselves upon a bed of leaves to await the dawn of the morning.

CHAP. X.

"Sleep, with brooding Wings,
"Soft Slumbers on their heavy Eye-lids flings."

THE distresses of Julien's mind awakened him upon the first appearance of day. The little grotto rung with the harmonious warblings of a thousand birds, twittering and chaunting their innocent matins to the sun. A sweet and gentle gale, wandered through the windings of the vault, breathing a soft perfume which it swept from the flowers that hung in lovely festoons of blooming colours, through the fissures above his head. The sun beams fell upon the faces of Sainville and Sylvio. Julien, affectionately contemplating the countenances of his only remaining

maining friend and faithful servant, forbore to disturb them. Ah, thought Montalville, how sweet are our slumbers when the mind is tranquil and the heart at ease; how often, after the little concerts of my mother Rohesia, who knew so well how to select pieces calculated to quiet the passions aud amend the heart, have I retired to my repose, and closed my eye-lids in unbroken slumbers through the longest night, insensible of the tedious progress with which misery marks the lagging hours.

Julien watched by his companions in silence, until a bird, perching without observing them upon a shrub at the mouth of the aperture, began a note so powerfully melodious, that the whole cavern resounded with its strain. The Chevalier awaking, Julien half angry with the pretty warbler, pointed out to Sainville the little intruder who had broken his repose.

"Have you not slept yourself then, my "dear boy?" demanded the Chevalier.

Julien replied in the affirmative; and awaking Sylvio, they joined the good Sainville in performing their morning devotions, and returning thanks to Providence for their preservation.

Wandering along the coast, Julien was filled with admiration at the number and beauty of the American aloes, many of which were in full bloom; and Sainville pointed out to him the long tract of cloud in the air, which proceeded from the volcano of Mount Ætna.

Having walked for sometime along the shore, they turned out of the road, and struck into a wood on their right hand, which offered them an inviting shelter from the heat of the sun, now become very oppressive. Here the trees, meeting over their heads,

heads, formed a green arch, which excluding the burning rays of that planet, kept the ground cool and the air refreshing.

Sainville concluded, from all the observations he had been able to make, that they were going towards Palermo.

Sylvio rejoiced at this information, which gave him hopes of shortly making a plentiful breakfast among the Sicilians.

Sainville had scarcely done speaking, when their ears were invaded by loud shrieks, which seemed to proceed from some women in distress. Sylvio, expecting every moment that they would appear, pursued by half a score of wolves, or as many tigers, turned pale, and retreated behind the Chevalier and Julien, both of whom ran forward that they might learn the cause of the exclamations, and afford their assistance. They saw, at the end of an avenue, four or

five men dragging two women along towards some horses, which were fastened to the trees at no great distance, in order, as it appeared, to carry them off.

The travellers were armed only with poniards, and perceived that to approach the banditti openly would be unavailing; they therefore crept silently along, between the trees, that they might come upon them by surprise.

As they approached, they heard one of the robbers exclaim, "These pretty women "will put our Captain in good humour again, "for he has been damnably surly of late." At the same time seizing one of the females, he lifted her in his arms, in order to place her on horseback. The lady entreated, shrieked, and struggled, in order to free herself from his grasp; and in her desperation wounded him in the face. The bandit, enraged at this resistance, drew his stiletto with

with one hand, while he held the arm of the lady with the other, and was preparing to dispatch her with it. Julien, observing this, sprung from his retreat, and coming behind the robber, aimed a blow at him, under the arm which held the poniard, and buried his own in the villain's heart.

The lady, liberated from the assassin, ran terrified into the wood. Sainville and Sylvio came to the assistance of Julien. The remaining banditti, despising three men so poorly armed, quitted the other lady, and drawing their sabres, rushed upon the travellers, to revenge, by the death of Julien, the loss of their companion. But one of them, who appeared to have some authority over the rest, commanded them to desist, telling them, that they should conduct their opponents to their Captain, who would revenge their brave comrade, by inflicting tortures more lasting than instant death,

which, he said, was too mild a punishment for the murder of a Sicilian bandit.

This was a fortunate parley for the travellers, as while he was speaking, two cavaliers, attended by several servants, approached on horseback. The banditti, perceiving this reinforcement at a distance, threw the body of their dead companion across his horse, and deliberately retreated into the woods, threatening Julien and Sainville with future vengeance.

When the cavaliers came up, the Chevalier Sainville recognized in one of them the Count di Rozarno, whom he had formerly known at Venice. But Julien, as if he had seen a spectre, was fixed in astonishment to the spot where he stood; his eyes were bent upon the wood, in part of which, the ladies still stood trembling, not daring to leave their protectors. One of them, when the banditti had departed, quitted her companion,

panion, and came forward a few steps, looking upon Julien with great earnestness; at length darting across the turf that was between them, she threw herself into his arms. They gazed upon each other as if doubting the evidence of their senses; both strove to speak, but their hearts were too full for utterance. Their emotions may be conceived; but cannot be described. "It is!—It "is!"—cried Julien, speaking at length, "It is Rohesia! my mother Rohesia."

"Oh, Julien! my son! my son!" cried Rohesia, in a transport of ecstacy, and straining him to her bosom, burst into tears.

Julien, overcome with joy, was unable to support his mother, and they sunk down together.

"Almighty God!" exclaimed the Chevalier de Sainville, "it is the Baroness!"

"It

"It is the Baroness! my dear, my beau-
"tiful lady!" cried Sylvio, throwing him-
self beside her; then suddenly starting up again, he became so very intemperate in his expressions of joy, that Sainville at last was obliged to use his authority to silence him. Sylvio, without attending to the Chevalier, ran to the other lady, who was hastening to the assistance of her friend; but her speed by no means kept pace with the eagerness of the affectionate domestic, who seized both her hands, and dragged her along, exclaiming, "Oh, Madame, Madame, it is
"the Baroness! indeed it is the Baroness!
"my own dear lady, Madame de Beauval
"come to life again."

Julien almost doubted the reality of his happiness, and gazing intently upon the countenance of Rohesia, demanded, "If
"she was really his mother, and was alive?"

"Feel!" cried Rohesia, clasping him again

again to her bosom, "feel the throbbings "of a parent's heart, which your unkind- "ness has almost broken."

"This is no time for reproach or explana- "tion," said the other lady, raising the Baroness; "be composed, my friend, let "us return to our villa. I have often fore- "told this happiness, and I have endea- "voured to assure you, that Julien would "come to Sicily in search of you."

Rohesia obeyed, but taking the arm of Julien, regarded him only, and was inatten- tive to every other object.

"I will do any thing you shall direct, Ca- "milla," said she, "but nothing shall again "separate me from my Julien, my child, at "this moment ah! how exquisitely beloved! "A nun," added she, "cannot know the "strong feelings of a parent's soul on such "an occasion as this, my son restored to me!—

"me!—my child the preserver of my life!
"—oh, holy Virgin, how am I completely
"blessed!"

Sylvio running before the Baroness cried, with tears in his eyes, "Oh pray, pray my "dear lady, speak but one word to your "poor Sylvio, and he will be blessed too; "Oh St. Dennis! St. Dennis!" added he, "I will always pray to you for the future, "and to no other saint whatever."

"Yes, my faithful Sylvio," said Rohesia, smiling upon him, "I am very sensible of "your affectionate attachment to me, and "to my dear Montalville."

"And you, Madam," cried Sylvio, approaching Camilla, "you are my lady's "friend, you have brought her to life again; "why, Madam, you know she was dead and "buried, and my Lord the Baron did so "grieve,

" grieve, but then he soon went to the wed-
" ding"—

" I believe," said the nun, retreating from him behind the Count di Rozarno, " the young man, my Lord, is certainly mad " with joy."

" Mad !" cried Sylvio ; " and yet," added he, in a lowered tone, and with something of alarmed perplexity in his countenance, " people have gone mad for joy."

" Compose yourself, Sylvio," said Montalville, " and follow us."

End of the First Volume.

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